THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dª 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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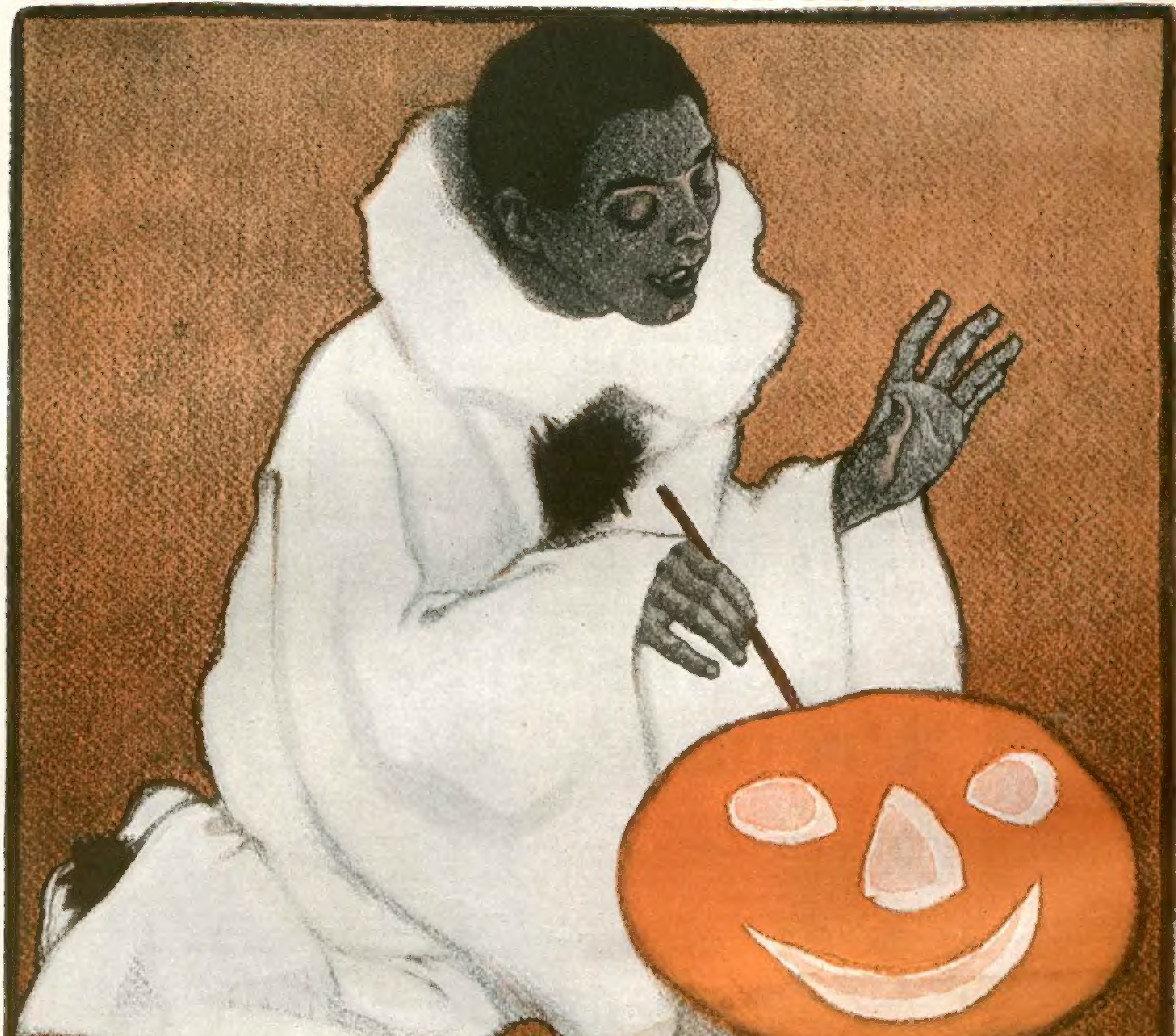

DRAWN BY ANNE ESTELLE RICE

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GRAFT IN BUSINESS

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"The Hardwood Floor Authorities."

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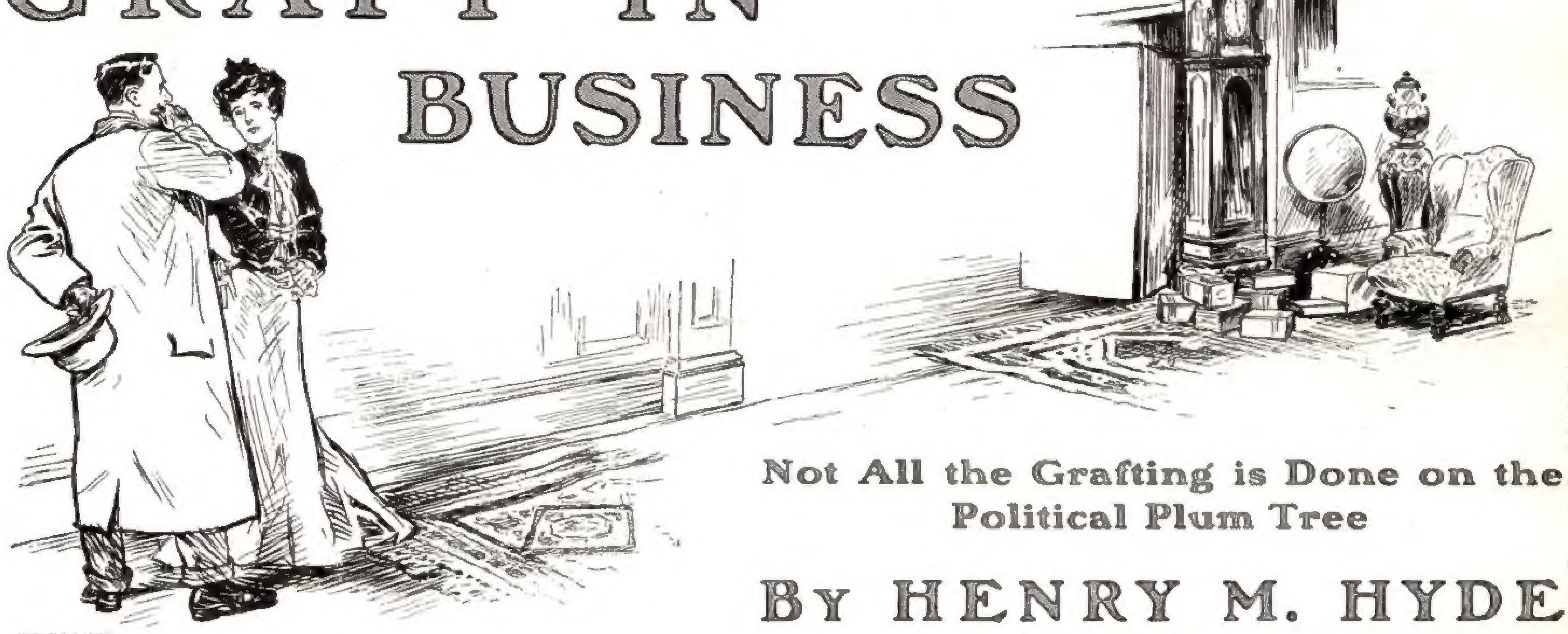
GRAFT IN BUSINESS



Not All the Grafting is Done on the Political Plum Tree

BY HENRY M. HYDE

Author of The Buccaneers

THAT bucolic old word, graft, no longer hides its blushes between quotation marks. In its shameful new meaning it stands brazenly naked in newspaper and magazine headlines. "What's your graft now?" is an only half-jesting commonplace of familiar conversation. Graft seems to be in the very air.

The old-time grafter attached a pear twig to the side of an apple bough, and thus made his apple tree bear pears. The modern grafter makes a connection "on the side," too, to the end that the legitimate fruits of his labor may be multiplied.

Not all the grafting is done on the political plum tree. For every man in office who takes a bribe there must be a man who pays the bribe. The briber is either one who has something to sell or who is paying his money in return for some favor or concession out of which he expects to make a profit. In other words, he is a business man. There is that much graft in business, then, to start with.

And the business man does not always sympathize with the politician who is not a grafter. Here is a statement made by a business man whom every one of his associates would declare is the soul of business honor:

"In the old days when I wanted to lay a switch track to my factory I paid $250 to the alderman and got the permit. He stuck the money into his own pocket, and that's all there was to it. That was bad enough. But now they've got a reformer in the job it's a whole lot worse. He's a grandstand player, and he holds me up for $500 for the city treasury every time I want to lay a rail."

The dealings of business men with politicians make up but a trifling part of the enormous annual aggregate of business. Do business men pay rebates and commissions and give gratuities only to the despised politician, or does grafting have its regular place in the immensely greater traffic between business man and business man? How extensive and widespread is graft in business? In what lines of business does it chiefly flourish? And what steps do business men take to protect themselves from graft and grafters?

Get at these facts and one should be in a position to deal more intelligently with the problem of graft in politics—to adopt the proper precautions and apply the best remedies.

William Allen White says, in effect, that graft is the real issue in every political campaign—national, state and municipal. Lincoln Steffens declares that graft is the chief menace to the permanence of republican institutions. The subject is one worth investigation.

Business graft shows itself most commonly in the selling of goods. While most men were in business for themselves and did their own buying there was small opportunity for the grafting salesman. The creation of corporations, with buyers and purchasing agents, opened up a large and fertile field.

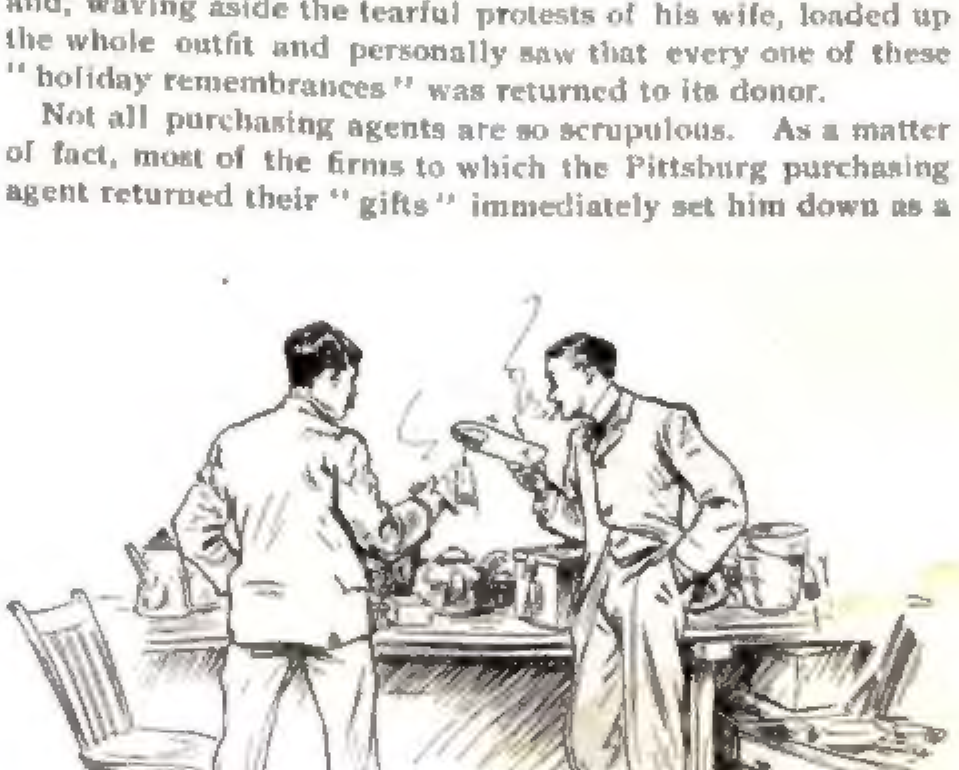
Here is a chapter from the experience of a purchasing agent in Pittsburg. He had held his position a year. During that time he had been scrupulously loyal to the interests of his employer. He went home on Christmas Eve feeling fairly well satisfied with himself. His wife met him at the door.

"Fred," she cried delightedly, "you ought to see the beautiful things that have been coming to the house all day!"

There was a fine Oriental rug, bearing the card and the compliments of the firm from which he bought coal; a handsome mahogany chair from the company that held his contract for oil and similar supplies; a French clock, with the best wishes of the corporation that furnished paper-stock to his employers, and, in addition to several other expensive articles of household use, a collection of more than 1000 fine cigars, coming from a dozen or fifteen other firms that he had patronized in a minor way.

On the day after Christmas he called an express wagon and, waving aside the tearful protests of his wife, loaded up the whole outfit and personally saw that every one of these "holiday remembrances" was returned to its donor.

Not all purchasing agents are so scrupulous. As a matter of fact, most of the firms to which the Pittsburg purchasing agent returned their "gifts" immediately set him down as a foolish crank. For it is true that business men in many lines will frankly and sincerely defend the giving of gifts to purchasing agents and other employees in a position to influence business as nothing more than a perfectly legitimate and honorable return of "business courtesies."



"OF COURSE, MR. JONES, YOU UNDERSTAND THERE IS A REBATE OF FIFTEEN PER CENT. ON THIS PRICE"

Here is the argument they make:

"Smith is a purchasing agent. I and others in my line compete for a large contract which it is in his power to let. There is little or no difference in the quality of our goods. All things considered, our prices are the same. Smith gives me the contract because he likes me personally—on the ground of good-fellowship. If the contract is a large one I may make a lot of money out of it. Smith don't make a cent. Now if a man helps me to make money it is only human nature that I should reciprocate. If he bought a comparatively small amount of goods I will send him a box of cigars. If he is a large customer I will ask him what I can send out to the house for him—a rug, a chair, a picture or what not?

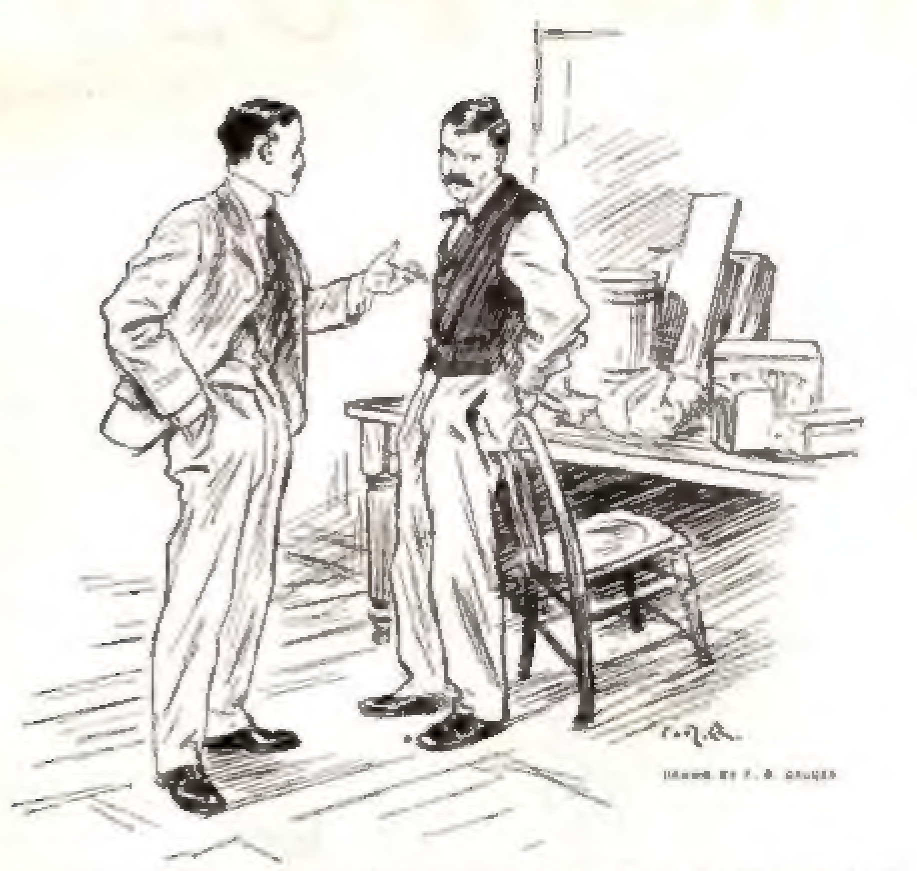
"The stock-in-trade of every salesman is his personal friendship with the men who are in a position to buy his goods. He is a fool if he does not cultivate that friendship, and a crank if he is ashamed to admit that he does cultivate it by every means in his power."

Now that sounds fairly plausible. If you heard it made by one of the delightfully smooth and polished diplomats who sell goods on a big scale you might easily consider it entirely sound. But what is the real difference between a $250 rug and cash to the same amount? And if a rug, why not, if even larger contracts are involved, a house and lot?

If it is human nature for the salesman to reciprocate the "courtesy" of a purchasing agent in giving him the preference, why is it not human nature for the purchasing agent to allow rugs and cigars and carved mahogany chairs to weigh ever so little in the scale in the opposite pan of which rests loyalty to his employer? And is human nature strong enough to stand the strain?

Business men will tell you, too, that it is perfectly proper to "entertain" a purchasing agent.

"The purchasing agent for a big corporation in Denver is in town, with his wife, on a vacation trip. Another man, who occupies a similar position in Cleveland, is also here. Last night I took them all to dinner, my own wife being a member of the party. From the restaurant we drove in an opera 'bus to the theatre. After the show we had a little supper. Altogether I spent about $75. This morning I came down to the office, made a voucher for that amount and turned it in on my expense account. Do you mean to say there was anything wrong about that?"


F.R.G.
DRAWN BY F. R. GRUGER

"I'LL HAVE TO TELL THE OLD MAN THE FAULT IS NOT WITH THE POLISH BUT WITH THE FOREMAN"

But if it is right to take purchasing agents and their wives to the theatre and to dinner, why stop there? Why not—as one large corporation does—keep a handsome steam yacht in commission in New York Harbor for the purpose of taking purchasing agents and their families on delightful little cruises along the Maine coast?

At any rate, if the giving of gifts to purchasing agents, and their "entertainment," be grafting, grafting is quite general in the world of business. And—within what they call proper limits—a great many business men will frankly defend both practices. They are included in what may be called "legitimate graft!"

"Real graft" is quite another thing. If a business man talks to you on that subject at all it will be guardedly and in confidence.

"I'll tell you," one of them said, "it used to be just as bad in my line as it is in any other—but it isn't any longer. I don't want you to understand, mind you, that I'm above getting business in that way if I have to—but I don't have to do it. There are reasons why"—and these reasons may be dwelt on elsewhere to better advantage.

But it is possible to describe, with considerable accuracy, some of the tactics of the salesman who does not stop at "legitimate grafting." If you are on sufficiently intimate terms with any purchasing agent he will probably admit to you that, during his early days in the position—before his reputation as a scrupulously honest man was established—something like the following conversation took place in his office:

A salesman entered and displayed his samples. He secured the interest of the purchasing agent in his goods. Finally he quoted a price on the quantity desired. Then he sat silent for a moment, studying his man.

"Of course, Mr. Jones," he said, after the interval, "you understand there is a rebate of fifteen per cent. on this price?"

Another moment of silent study followed. Then—if he judged it safe—he went on, lowering his voice a trifle:

"How would you like that rebate to come? Shall I have it show on the bill, or——"

It is rarely necessary to complete the sentence. By that time the salesman usually has his man sized up—or the purchasing agent has shown—one way or the other—how the proposition strikes him. A man shrewd enough to hold a position as purchasing agent is shrewd enough to know exactly what the salesman is "getting at."

If the purchasing agent is complaisant he may have fifteen per cent. of all bills bought from that salesman handed to him regularly in cash. If he is honest he may order the tempter indignantly from his office or—what is more likely—he may make the contract, provided the goods offered are the best and the prices the lowest, stipulating that the fifteen per cent. rebate shall appear on the bills to the credit of his house.

It is not intended to imply that every salesman approaches the new purchasing agent in this way, but there is likely to be at least one in every line. If he chooses, the purchasing agent may deal almost exclusively with grafting houses. He may—until he is caught and discharged—draw, in addition to his salary, a secret commission of from five to twenty per cent. on the total of the purchases he makes for his employer. He is, at least, fairly certain to have the temptation put in his way. Within a year the reputation of a new purchasing agent becomes generally known among salesmen. If it is that of an honest man the grafting salesman will waste no more time on him. If it is that of a grafter the more reputable houses will let him alone, until they are in a position to go over his head to the general manager with conclusive evidence of his guilt—though this, of course, is an extremely delicate undertaking.

Frequently a grafting salesman, fearing to approach a purchasing agent directly, will go at it in a roundabout way. Here is an extreme instance.

A large Chicago firm was about to put in a new equipment of machinery. Five companies were bidders for the contract. The competition was keen. Final decision was left with a young mechanical engineer employed by the firm. He held frequent interviews with the salesmen who represented the rival bidders. One of them was particularly insistent.

"Our prices are right," said this persevering fellow, "and our machines at least as good as those of any of our competitors. We are a new concern, and it means a great deal to us to get this contract. We are willing to do anything in reason to get it."

The mechanical engineer did not care to listen further.

"I may have to let some one else decide this matter, anyhow," he said. "My wife is seriously ill, and I may have to be away from the office a good deal in the next two weeks. At any rate it won't do a bit of good to do any more talking."

Two days later the wife of the mechanical engineer died. The morning newspapers contained a little notice of her death. The total funeral expenses amounted to $275. The bereaved husband waited two weeks for a bill. Then he went to the undertaker and asked for it.

"The bill is paid," was the answer he got.

"By whom?" he demanded in angry astonishment. The name of the particularly persistent salesman was mentioned.

The great majority of purchasing agents are temptation proof—at least so far as what is called "illegitimate graft" is concerned. But the grafting salesman does not necessarily stop there. There are other people who may, possibly, be approached successfully.

The purchasing agent in a big establishment must be largely guided as to what he buys by the recommendations of the heads of the various departments in the business. As a rule these heads of departments do not get large salaries. They are, therefore, more open to temptation than the better-paid purchasing agent.

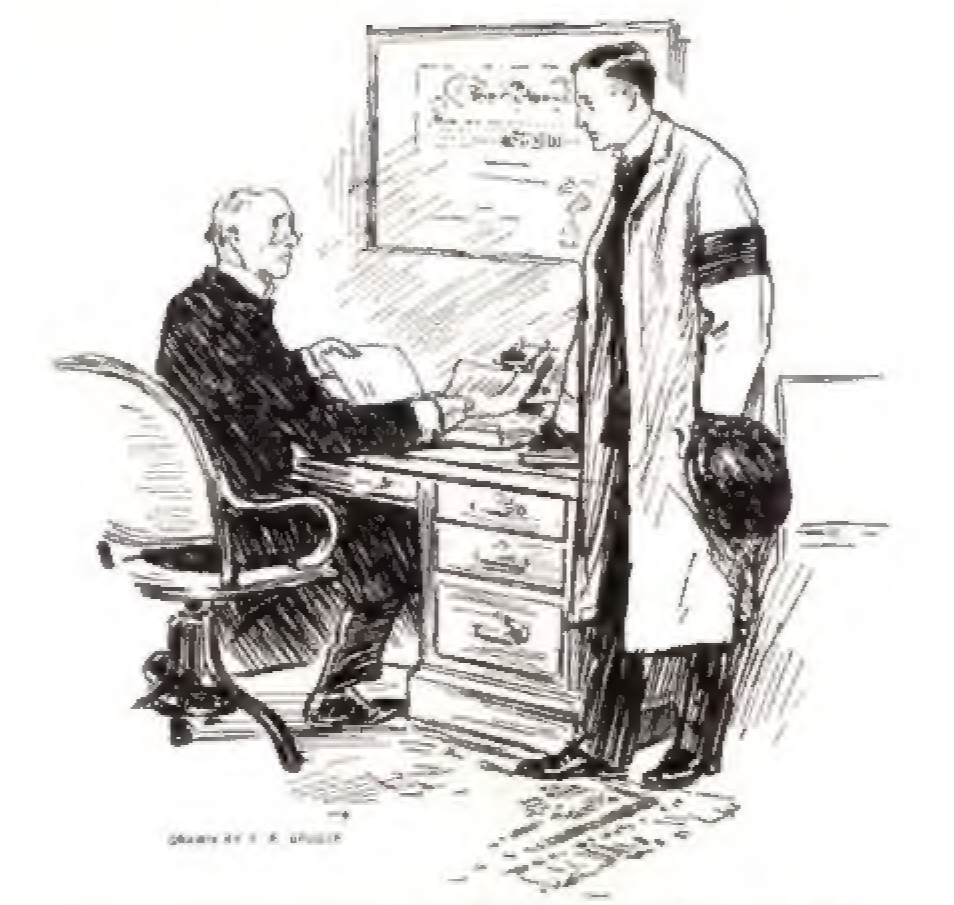
Here is a chapter from the experience of a purchasing agent in Cincinnati, who was shrewd as well as honest. The corporation which employed him owned and used about two hundred horses. The item of harness polish used in the stables was worth considering. For a year a brand of polish which may be called the "Starlight" had been used, and the foreman of the harness-room reported that it was entirely satisfactory. But a rival firm offered its polish at a price twenty-five per cent. lower than that paid for the "Starlight" and guaranteed its quality to be at least equal. The purchasing agent sent sample cans to the foreman of the harness-room and asked for a report. He reported that the new polish was no good; it took more of the new stuff to do the work, and the results were not satisfactory even then.

Then, with the connivance of the new bidders for the polish contract, the purchasing agent set a trap for the foreman of the harness-room. He got a dozen cans of the "Starlight" polish and, without disfiguring them in any way, removed their contents and filled them with the new polish.

"Sorry the new polish was no good," wrote the purchasing agent, in sending this deceptive consignment to the barn. "Here's some more of the good old stuff. Send me a report on this in writing, too. I want to file it."

In a week the foreman sent in his report. He lauded to the skies the polish in those "Starlight" cans. It was just as he had always said. This was the best brand on the market. Thereupon the purchasing agent sent for the foreman of the harness-room and brutally told him the facts.

"I'm going to buy the new polish hereafter," he said, "and you are going to use it without kicking. If you don't get good results with it I'll have to tell the old man the fault is not with the polish but with the foreman."


DRAWN BY F. R. GRUGER

"THE BILL IS PAID," WAS THE ANSWER HE GOT

There were no more complaints from the harness-room.

That is one example—out of a possible thousand—of how far down the scale graft in business may go; and that is by no means the bottom. Follows an instance at the other end of the business ladder which shows how far toward the top what some people would call graft may extend.

It is a criminal offense, as certain Washington officials have recently found out, for a Government officer to be financially interested in a corporation which sells its product to the Government. Especially is it a grave offense if the official interested is in a position to influence the purchase of the goods. But it seems to be no offense at all for a railroad official to be a large stockholder in a corporation which sells its goods to the railroad company with which he is connected—nor for him to use his official position to influence the sale of such goods.

Two corporations, manufacturing important devices which are used for the same purpose on railroad trains, were fighting to secure a big contract with a Western railroad system. The older company already had its device in use on the road; the other offered certain concessions with the idea of capturing the business. The claims of the older bidder were strongly supported and those of the other as strongly opposed by one of the vice-presidents of the road, a practical railroad man of the highest standing. The fight became so bitter that finally one of the great New York railroad kings, who practically controls the road in question, got interested in it. One day he called the vice-president into his office.

"I want to know," he said bluntly, "why you are fighting this company so hard."

"Because I'm a stockholder in the other company," was the equally blunt answer. "If I didn't think its device was the best I shouldn't have invested my money in it."

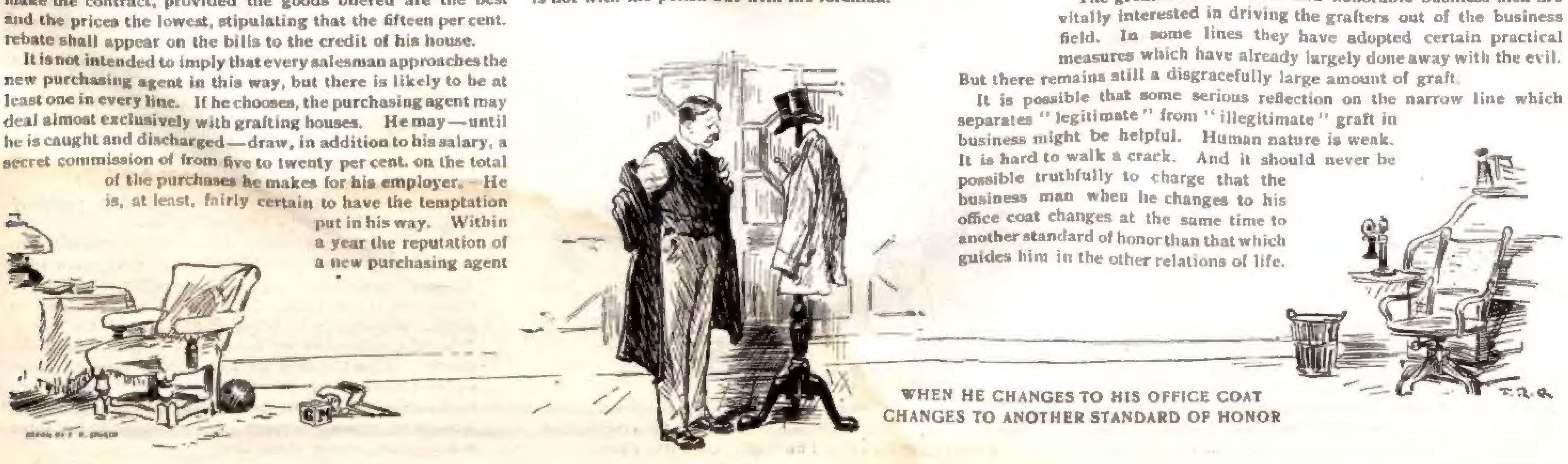
The vice-president is still in office and the old device is still in use on the road which he manages.

Between the man who polishes the harness and the vice-president of a great railroad system there is plenty of room for business graft in multifarious gradations.

There is social graft—for business purposes; there is back-door graft—which pays a commission to the servants on household supplies; there is the graft of high finance, which organizes a railroad company with one hand and a construction company with the other—using the latter to make a personal profit out of the stockholders of the former; there is political-business graft—with a hundred curious twists to its tail; there is the utterly heartless graft—which plays upon the dearest and deepest of human emotions; there is graft in plenty without growing a bit hysterical on the subject.

The great mass of honest and honorable business men are vitally interested in driving the grafters out of the business field. In some lines they have adopted certain practical measures which have already largely done away with the evil. But there remains still a disgracefully large amount of graft.

It is possible that some serious reflection on the narrow line which separates "legitimate" from "illegitimate" graft in business might be helpful. Human nature is weak. It is hard to walk a crack. And it should never be possible truthfully to charge that the business man when he changes to his office coat changes at the same time to another standard of honor than that which guides him in the other relations of life.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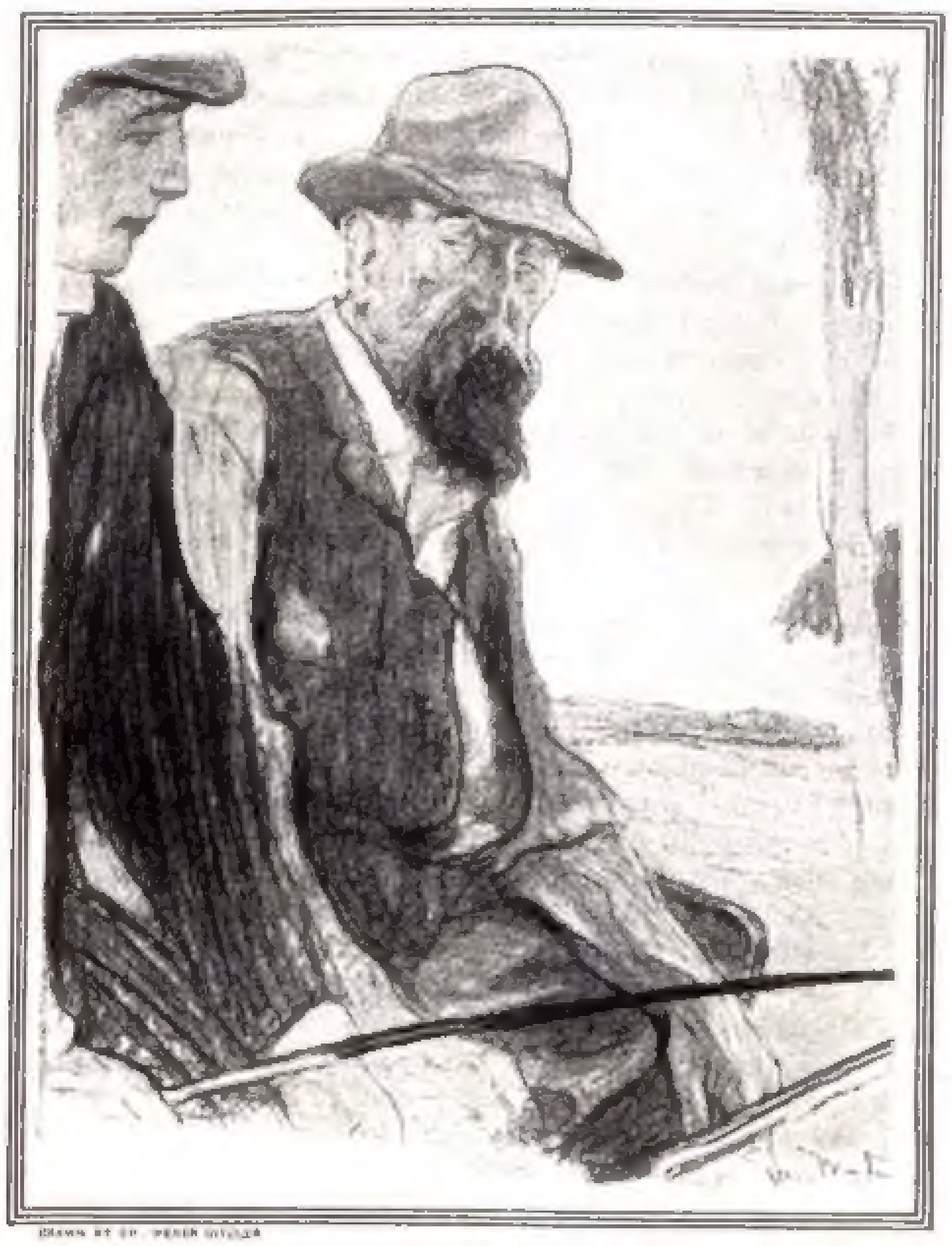
DRAWN BY F. R. GRUGER

WHEN HE CHANGES TO HIS OFFICE COAT CHANGES TO ANOTHER STANDARD OF HONOR

A LIBERAL SETTLEMENT

The Story of a First Job and a First Love

BY J. E. CALKINS



"I EXPECT YOU FELLERS'LL HAVE RIGHT SMART O' TROUBLE A-GITTIN' YER CANAL THROUGH THIS HERE BEULAH TOWNSHIP COUNTRY," SAID JAKE

I

BROAD fields, populous with plethoric haystacks, and green and gold with yellowing corn; orchards aglow with fruit, well-kept farmhouses, and herds of cattle, full fed and contented, with circling hills looming blue through the mellow haze, made a landscape that should have pleased John Dennis, for he had been reared in the country and knew good land and good farming when he saw them. But, as he surveyed this opulent prospect, he came as near to frowning as ever in his life. In silent conversation with himself he said, "This country would be a whole lot easier for me if it were only about half as rich. The canal cuts right through here, somewhere," pulling up before a trim cottage. "I imagine the glee of the owner when I tell him he will have to get off the earth because his house stands in the middle of the line. I wonder if the dog is at home!"

Dennis meant to beg a drink, and thence, in natural sequence, to make the acquaintance of the people of the place preliminary to subsequent dealings with them for right-of-way: dealings in which he might appear harsh and unfair, and for which he might need all the forerunning friendliness it was possible to acquire. The house he was approaching was a model country home: fresh with clean paint, and surrounded by a small, clean-cut lawn, broken by a few old apple trees, a shady elm, some shrubs, a climbing vine, and a small flower-bed or two, tidy and appealing. He knocked at the door, then closed the screen and turned about for another look. The absence of weeds, broken pickets, wrecked implements, and hens gave the place actual distinction in his eyes.

Dennis turned again as the inner door opened. The light glinted from the screen so that he could not plainly see the face behind it, but in another moment it was flung wide and he was welcomed in with words of pleased surprise.

Dennis, startled out of his usual poise and ready speech, stared dumbly for an interval that seemed to him of uncivil length; then he saw once more, above a trig calico dress, the fluffy brown hair, the smiling blue eyes, the high-bred, beautiful face of Laura Barber, rather distantly known, but all the more fervently worshiped, in the days when they were fellow-students.

By little shy degrees he had grown into her acquaintance and friendship. Fortune had let him do her a few trifling favors, of greater service to him than they could possibly have been to her, and she had been very kind and gracious. No wonder that in the course of a school year they had become very good friends, and she to him the most beautiful, the loveliest woman he had ever known. Then, without warning or good-by, she was suddenly gone; had been gone days before he knew it. It was a dull and dreary void she left behind her, but Dennis usually had his head with him, and let her go. Some said she had returned to her home in Indiana, and some said she had gone to Europe; he attempted no schoolboy antics of pursuit, but worked ahead without a word, and harder than ever. These four years he had carried fair memories of her face and voice and ways, without hope; now, by apparent accident, she was again before him, fairer, and sweeter, and more winsome than ever.

Dennis managed to say something, but for several moments he hardly knew what it was. He had wondered, in those other days, concerning her circumstances; now, as he talked, he glanced about him, in the cool sitting-room to which she had led him. The furniture was that common to farmhouse sitting-rooms, except that there were more late books, periodicals and papers, and especially more financial and commercial journals, than one usually sees in the country. Notably there were more yellow envelopes on the table. Telegrams are not predominant in the country. The framed pictures were what he would have expected, but they were reënforced by numerous photographic prints of good works, pinned here and there about the room to walls and woodwork, evidently only transient in their stay.

Altogether it was an enigma, that interior, and Dennis gave it up and centred his attention on the girl. She, at any rate, he felt, was comprehensible. The delicious sense of home he felt to radiate from her. He had had no real home for years, and it gave him unspeakable solace to breathe that sweet air for even a little while.

"So here is where you live!" he exclaimed, steadying his roving gaze upon her face. "They said you lived somewhere West, but I didn't know it was—on a farm." He was much in earnest, and groping for the right word, but she interpreted him lightly, and met him with a laugh—that same laugh!

"Oh, I supposed anybody would know that," she said, her eyes sparkling.

"Well," said Dennis, "I wasn't anybody, then, and so I didn't guess it. I thought your home was in the city."

"Yes," said the girl hesitantly, "it was; but we've lived here a month, papa and I, and he likes it so much here! He was raised in the country, and nothing pleases him better than to work about this little place, and chum with his neighbors. It isn't a very grand estate—only forty acres—but papa says that is all a poor clerk can afford. And I am maid of all work. Don't I look it?"

Her amused laugh compelled Dennis to smile in company, but he was not amused. He had heard that she was comfortably provided; now he beheld her a poor girl, her father possibly one of those half successful men who achieve just enough to make them worth something to others, but who never do much for themselves; never stand alone; never have sufficient individuality to be more than negative factors in a world of absolute positivism. Now he knew that she had left school because there was no money to keep her there, and because she was needed at home. Yet her drudgery had left no mark on her but that of heightened grace and beauty.

"And how did you happen to find me?" she asked.

Her face was bright with interest; Dennis found the old allegiance fast being renewed to higher fealty than ever.

"Ah, I must confess," he said, "that I wasn't looking for you, but for your father; anyway, I was hunting the man who owns this place."

"You don't intend to buy it, do you, now when we have just got settled in it?" Her words indicated more anxiety than was shown in her face.

"Well," answered Dennis haltingly, "I am sure I should rather not—but I may have to before I am done. That is what I called to see about. You see, I am looking up right-of-way for the I. & M. canal, which is to be built through here—some where near here—and it may take a little of your land."

"Oh, I see," cooed the girl in a soft little voice that was more alluring to Dennis than music. "Well, I hope you won't build your canal where it will hurt my big elm tree."

Her words smote Dennis sorely, for, unless he had sighted the line amiss, the big elm, and more than it, was doomed.

"Oh, it isn't *my* canal, Miss Barber," he replied, hastening to look and speak assuringly, and succeeding only far enough to look flushed and uncomfortable. "If it were you may be sure it wouldn't be permitted to annoy you."

"It would seem strange, just now, to have to give up part of the farm," she mused, then quickly added; "you wouldn't want it all, would you? Only a piece, you said."

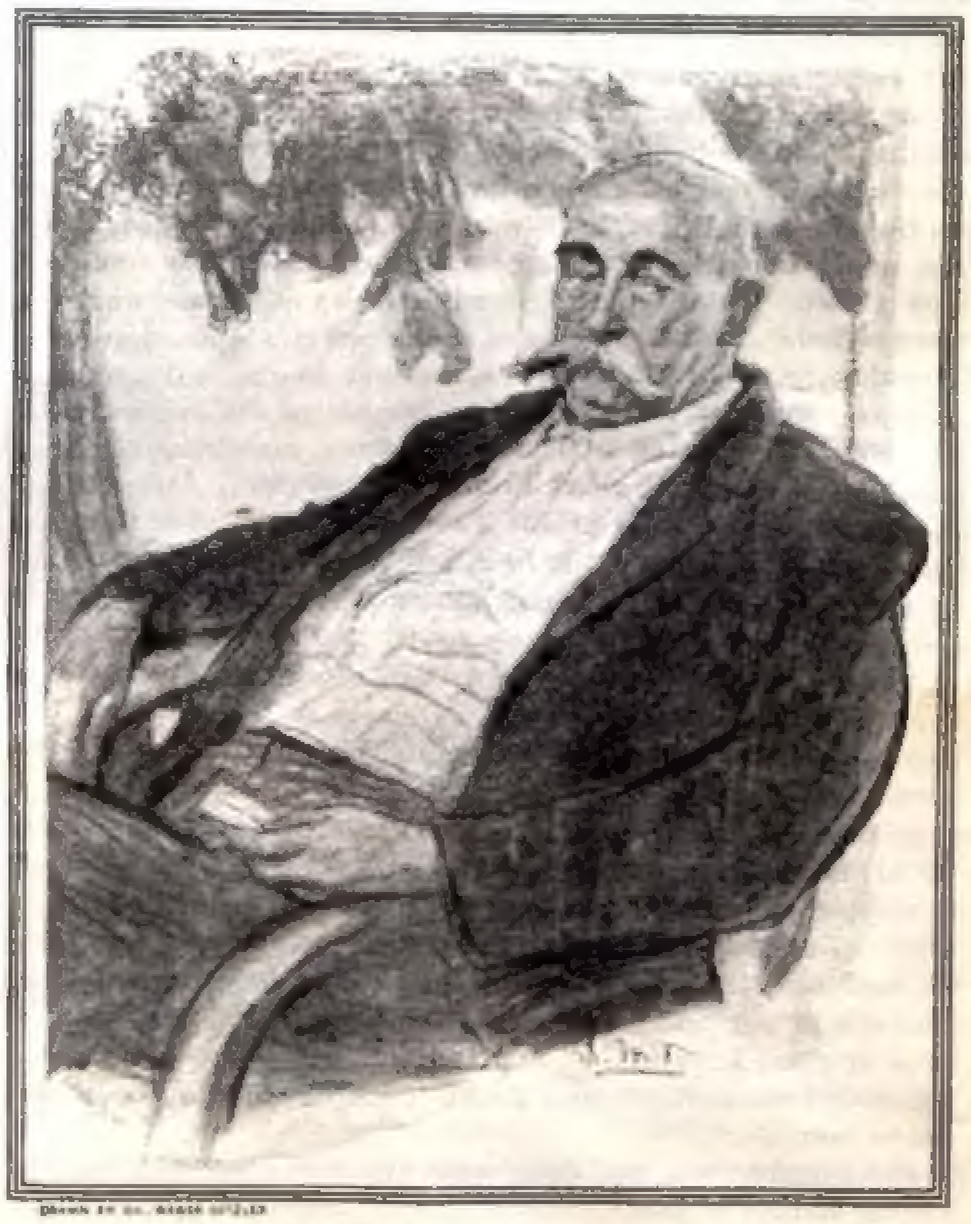
"Only a strip, I hope," said Dennis uneasily. "What the canal requires is a mere strip, only 300 feet wide. But we liberally allow—the Government pays—for damages where the adjacent property is harmed in any way, and give full price for the land we take; so I believe you will find—your father will find—the settlement fair to him, and he may even make some money on it."

"And wouldn't that be f-i-n-e!" chanted the girl with all the visible tokens of great satisfaction. "For a man who really cares so little for money for itself, and who needs so little of it for himself, I think papa loves money—just the making of it and the getting of it—more than any person I know. He is away to mill to-day. You know, he won't buy ground feed for the cows and horses, but takes his own corn and oats to mill himself, and has it ground while he waits. I tell him he does it to save a little, but he insists that he does it because he loves to go to mill. He used to do it when he was a boy, and now he likes to play he is a boy again, so he drives nearly a dozen miles, over to a funny, little, old-fashioned grist mill, I don't know where, and carries his lunch, and lounges, and fishes, and talks to the miller, and plays around the mill till he gets his grist and is ready to start home again. I went with him one day. He acts like a regular kid. And he never gets back till after dark."

The assurance that Mr. Barber need not be expected for several hours did not hasten the departure of the young engineer. He lingered, indifferent to the interests of the canal, levels, estimates, condemnation suits and all, till he was forced to leave if he expected to drive back to headquarters, twelve miles, in time for even a delayed supper. He would come again to see her father, and, as he told himself, to see her, too. On the way home he realized that, though he had told her most that there was to tell about himself, past and present, she had given him but little about herself. Beyond what he could see he had learned almost nothing of her history or circumstances. He vaguely sensed an effort at evasion of all these details. Fortune, which had been so repeatedly kind to him, had clearly been unfriendly to her, and she was not disposed to discuss its outrageous slings.

II

THE line of the I. & M. canal, as tentatively located, cut a bias course through the Barber place. Its route on this section was not yet approved by the bureau, but its plat was in hand there, and that approval might come any day. Since meeting Laura Barber, and seeing for himself the disturbance it was likely to add to the griefs which she had already borne, he wished it were ordained to run anywhere else than



HIS COOL EYES NEVER LEFT THE FACE BEFORE HIM on the line selected; but there must be some very strong reason, some more forcible argument than he could command, to change its location.

Fate, or Providence, or fortune — he said fortune — had been Dennis' active ally for years. It had opened a way for him to get the technical education he wanted; it had brought him a temporary place as soon as he was out of school; that situation shifted him to the office of Chief Engineer Langham of the I. C. & S. W. road, and convinced him that in that line lay the work he wanted to do all his life. Thence he went to fill a gap on the staff of the engineer of the western division of the system, and there he made the most of his good chance by distinguishing himself; first, by a couple of shrewd deals, in emergency, for trifling bits of realty that were suddenly needed, and again by condemning as bad material a certain indurated blue clay which his chief was about to utilize as filling for second track.

It was sheer luck that Langham knew about both instances. When 200 yards of second track sloughed and melted, and ran away like soft soap in the stress of the next springtime freeze and thaw, as Dennis had told them it would do, Langham was filled with sudden respect for the young man, and longed to add him to his staff in the general engineer office of the company; but he came to that way of thinking too late, for Dennis had already enlisted as assistant engineer with Dangerfield, in charge of the construction of the western section of the canal, and it was Langham's own commendation of the young fellow that took him there. Langham and Dangerfield were old friends. Once Langham had been an assistant under Dangerfield, and owed him certain factors in his own rise. They often borrowed men from each other, and sent men to each other, but neither one would steal a man from the other, and so Langham followed Dennis no further. But it was a matter of regret with him that that track had not slid out a month sooner. A youngster who could judge strange material like that was the sort of man he wanted in his office. And, in passing, it may be said that Dennis owed his knowledge of that particular treacherous blue clay to certain vivid boyhood memories of a well that had been dug on his father's farm when he had barely entered his teens. The digging of the well, and the damming of a ravine with the blue clay that came out of it, by way of making a reservoir for the live stock; yes, and the way that dam sloughed and melted, just like that unlucky bit of second track, and the damage to property and his father's temper, and the characteristics of that same clay, were things that Dennis would never live long enough to forget. It was his good fortune that he knew the stuff, whereas it was strange to Langham and all the rest of them; but they didn't know that, and counted it to him for superior discernment: a sort of second sight, peculiarly valuable to engineers, who have to guess how some strange earth or rock is going to behave months and years in the future.

Anyhow, Dennis landed on the canal, with Langham wishing he had him back, and he all the time in complete ignorance of this good-will, as was again most fortunate for him. It might have spoiled him at that time.

Dangerfield did not belie his name; he was a bear to his men, but Dennis soon found his bark worse than his bite. No small part of his rapid rise in the favor of that paragon of ill-temper was his genuine sympathy with suffering. About the time Dennis came on the work Dangerfield was assailed by malaria, and then by so bad an attack of rheumatism that he was rendered almost helpless. Dennis could not help showing the sympathy he felt, and somehow Dangerfield warmed to him. Possibly it was Langham's high estimate of his merits that caused this, but at any rate it so happened. By degrees Dennis was intrusted with more and more responsibility, along with some slight incidental increases of salary, till finally he had been advanced to the most particular place on the work, that of right-of-way man. Incident to this were the usual penalties of greatness in the form of the more or less violent jealousy and hatred of every other assistant on the section. In the pressing of numerous condemnation suits Dennis was so fortunate as to make but two actual personal enemies, but out of the nine assistants on the section with himself he had nine active evil-wishers, and most of them were lying awake to catch him to his undoing. Dangerfield — almost bedfast part of the time, and hardly able to move about the office when at his best, but too gritty, and too needy of the pay, to give up — was aware of the sentiment, but it only made him cling the closer. He had a way of growling at Dennis most atrociously, and then doing just about whatever the young man wanted. Dennis rather enjoyed the growling, for he understood that with Dangerfield it was mere persiflage. All the other assistants were of that thin-skinned type that will not endure a crosswise word; so Dennis stood for all the ill-nature that poor Dangerfield dared not blow off at anybody else, and likewise for all his friendship had to offer. And this chain of circumstances, at the end of which he had been elevated beyond his expectations, considering his lack of age and experience, Dennis traced to his friendly luck or good fortune. It had become proverbial with him. He added the rediscovered Laura to its list of good gifts as he drove home.

But Fortune was not done with him when she led him to Laura Barber's door. She attended him on the way home from that unexpected visit. A mile from the Barber place he overtook a coatless countryman, hirsute and mud-covered, trudging wearily townward. Always alive to the value of any friendly acquaintance in a region that was to furnish him right-of-way, Dennis took the man in and pleasantly chatted with him as they rode, turning the talk on the nature of the soil and behavior of the watercourses thereabout. This wayfarer, of the earth earthy, was none but Jake Howe, the well-digger, well qualified to discourse; and Dennis soon beguiled him of information most startling.

"I expect you fellers'll have right smart o' trouble a-gittin' yer canal through this here Beulah township country," said Jake, nasal, stridulous, but willing to pay his way by being highly agreeable and telling all he knew.

"Is that so?" exclaimed Dennis, surprised. "Why?"

"That is," continued Jake apologetically, "unless you ain't afraid o' peat. I do' know how 'tis buildin' canals, but I know in well-diggin', an' ditch-diggin', an' the like o' them, it's awful mean to manage. Won't stan' up nor hold water worth shucks."

Peat! By Jake's intimation there must be acres of it in the vicinity. Much of it would deflect the canal some other way. But Dangerfield had not said a word about peat. Was it possible he had not tested the route? Or did the line miss the peat?

"How much territory of this valley does this peat formation cover?" asked Dennis, as though not in the least concerned. Under the stimulus of this indifference Jake responded warmly:

"Purty much this here whole perary, or valley, from hill to hill. Oh, they's places, atwixt an' atween, where they ain't none, but I guess they couldn't no canal dodge it — without it was crookeder'n a worm fence on a side hill. Back there where you was callin' when I passed, where that feller Barber lives: now there they's a kind o' rock ridge comes to the top, right there where his house sets; but on both sides of it I bet the peat is fifteen feet deep, an' so 'tis most anywhere for ten mile up the valley. W'y, you see that big yeller holler over there? That used to be the best part o' Sam Freeman's corn land; now it's Freeman's Lake. It was awful dry through here three — no, it's four year ago; well, three or four year ago; I guess it's four; an' the ground got dried out down to the bed clay. Sam, he'd a right smart crop o' weeds along the fencerows, an' he cuts 'em, an' rakes 'em, an' burns 'em. An' what does he jes' natchally do but set the ground afire there! 'Twasn't nothin' in the worl' but peat, you know, and it burned like a house afire; burned clean down to the clay, an' spread in every d'rection till it looked like 'twas going t' burn up the valley. Of course it burned slow, too, or else it would. Nothin' wouldn't never ha' stopped it if 't hadn't a-rained. Soon's that little crick come up Sam he throwed a channel an' turned all the water into that hole, an' that put it out, or else I guess they wouldn't ha' been nothin' left of all this only the place where that feller Barber lives. That sets on a little narrer rocky ridge, like."

"Who is this man Barber?" asked Dennis. "He was away from home to-day."

"I know; went to mill with some feed this mornin', over to White River, an' won't be back till night. Oh, I do' know. He's some kind of a clerk or other in Ind'nap'lis. Guess he ain't doin' much good in town, so he's come out to the country to make money easy. But he ain't farmin' for shucks. Jus' fiddles around, an' hires Charlie Hanson over there to do all the work that's done. I heard some of 'em guessin' 't he had a lot o' money, an' was jus' takin' a vacation in the country, but my idee is 't the vacatin'll come along after while, with the sheriff close follerin'."

Dennis' voluble passenger left him full of jumbled information, hopes, fears, and new ideas anent the canal. If the present location of the canal should be barred by peat, relocation might spare the Barber farm and Laura's big elm!

Next morning Dennis left at six o'clock with three men with long-shanked earth augers. He made borings to the bed clay on a line intersecting the canal route, and flanking it a mile on either side. He bottled samples, and kept careful records of the depth of the peat, for Jake Howe had told the truth, and it was peat they found, and little else. That evening he sought Dangerfield in mingled hope and fear. He knew Dangerfield had been ill and troubled by many details, so he might easily overlook the formality of thorough testing of the soil before he recommended a route; but he also knew that the department, once it were disgraced by the location of the canal in an impassable peat bog, would not be in a temper to forgive anything to any man; and he knew, all too well, that there were men among the corps of assistants who would leave nothing undone to kill two birds with one stone by undercutting Dangerfield — for it would amount to that; if Dangerfield went down Dennis went with him. But as long as no right-of-way had been taken, no suits entered, no contracts let, no money paid, on a peat foundation, it might be possible to head off action and leave the enemy and the powers above none the wiser; but there must be haste.

There was a tense time for half an hour while Dangerfield was getting a comprehensive look at the quicksand that threatened his reputation and salary. White-faced and hunted, he suffered more from his emotions in that little while than he had from the rheumatism in all the months it had tormented him, and it had been bad enough. He cursed, with admirable fluency of malison, his oversight and the doddering fools who burdened his staff while he slipped into such a bottomless pit as that; then he got Dennis' hand and gave it as hard a wrench as his feeble grasp would allow, called him his providential friend, and almost cried over him. He overflowed with gratitude till the young man was submerged in embarrassment. He vastly preferred Dangerfield's anathema to his acclaim. He simply didn't know what to say when Dangerfield, shaking his reluctant arm again, exclaimed, "My boy, I owe it all to you. I can't pay you now, but maybe I can some day. And if ever you want anything I have to give, and don't come and get it, I'll beat you out flat. I'll — I'll show you!"

A telegram, rushed to the department that night, holding up approval of the recommended Beulah Valley route of the canal on account of questionable material along the line. In the morning Dennis took the field at the head of Beulah Valley with a force of men, and the work of testing to a finish began with a will. Dennis supervised, explored and worked up the notes. The other assistants were so disposed that it was days before they got even a suspicion of what was going on.

Incidentally Dennis explored the valley, and one day called at the home of Laura Barber. She affected to find him a great stranger, and presented him to her father. Dennis had pictured a man whose face was somehow stamped with weakness. What he found was a quiet but clean-cut and capable man of about fifty, well preserved and well kept, and, as far as he could see, strong in every faculty and feature. He looked like a man who knew the busy world. A poor clerk? How could it be? As iron sharpeneth iron, so the countenance of friend and foe alike had worn this man to a razor edge, or Dennis' guess was adrift without a single bearing. He saw a man who wrangled with every preconception he had held. Yet this man had put his little all, or most of it, into a paltry backwoods farm! The enigma thrust at him by Laura that first day was denser than ever. Most puzzling of all was Israel Barber's face. Somewhere Dennis had seen it. He had never heard the voice, or he might have told where. He racked his memory for weeks, but got no answer.

At the start Mr. Barber showed live interest in the canal, and took it up with Dennis from a dozen standpoints. Not only was he surprisingly versed on what other canals were doing, but he had most lucid ideas on what this one would do, its strong points and its weak, its value to the country intersected and its factor in the rail rate situation, but he disclosed an understanding of earthwork, concrete, riprapped and grassed embankments, drainage areas, storm floods, and the handling of men and contractors that amazed the young engineer. Still he denied fellowship in the craft. He had an office in the I. C. & S. W. Railroad building in Indianapolis, and he often talked those things over with a friend in the engineering office of that road, being somehow interested in such matters. All in all they grew to be very good friends, and at last, when the zone of the work had so shifted as to locate the camp of Dennis' men in the vicinity, Mr. Barber offered him a room in the house as office, and as lodging if he wished, and the offer was accepted. He understood the message that he intercepted as it was heliographed from daughter to father; they were glad to get the morsel of rent he paid them. Dennis thrilled with the determination that some day his good fortune should aid her, too. At least, if he could shape it, her home should stand, unscathed of the canal.

Laura Barber wrought at her household tasks with cheerfulness unmarred by her father's dawdling. He wrote a few letters, he read a little in books, and more in the papers that came to the house; he played in a tinkering way at a little farm work, he visited his neighbors a good deal, and he strolled about the fields with his gun a good deal more. The gun itself was enough to set the country wild with talk — a dilettante affair, efflorescent with carvings and gold and silver inlay, and all manner of minor perfections — such a gun as a millionaire might have used, but such as no poor clerk, or forty-acre farmer, ever did or could possess in ordinary course of purchase. And the man's cigars, occasionally smoked, were fit to match his gun. Dennis had never smoked nor scented their like.

And yet, however far from comprehension, Dennis liked the man, and found a growing respect for the breadth of his knowledge and his modesty. The other inefficient wise men he had known had been full of vain conceit; this man Barber was the apotheosis of quiet meekness. Dennis liked to have him around, and opened his room to him freely. Dennis worked much of nights, and Barber spent hours there with him. Only once were they disturbed. Then a lad came with a telegram, which he must have carried eight miles from the office to find the man it sought.

And only once did Mr. Barber try to give him advice. Working intently one night Dennis had forgotten his presence, unwitting that, while pretending to read, Barber had been studying him for an hour. Laying down his paper, Barber said, "My boy, doubtless you may be able to shrink the visible supply of midnight oil, but it is expensive illumination. Better quit and leave something for to-morrow."

"Pretty soon," smiled Dennis.

"Government day is limited to eight hours — Act of Congress."

"I'm not working for the Government, Mr. Barber," said Dennis quietly. "I am working for John Dennis now, and I am working nights, now, so I sha'n't need to do it later. Besides, Dangerfield wants this thing finished."

"Dangerfield would never know, and he wouldn't ask you to work all day and all night."

"Dangerfield will know I've worked some when he gets these results," said the young man, unmoved. Then he added with a glance, "I might take it easy if poor Dangerfield were here to jump on me, but as it is I'm on honor. I don't like it as I do railroad work, but I have it to do, and do quick. Oh, I'll rest by and by."

"All right," said Mr. Barber, slapping his knee. "You for it. But I can tell you I shouldn't be enjoying the health I have if I had not stopped going your pace years ago."

Dennis shut his lips tight and made no reply except to say good-night.

As for Laura, she grew in grace and beauty day by day, as Dennis saw her. He brought home great bunches of field and swamp flowers off his work. In the little time he had to talk with her he found that she knew more about books, and a good many other things, including prominent persons, than he knew. She played, on the funny, little, old, tinny piano, as he heard it, with effects almost divine. Once, when she stood by him sewing a button on his coat, he came near breaking through his restraint, she so tempted him. He had no notion of mystery about her till one day she casually spoke of something seen in Paris.

"You in Paris?" he interrogated.

"I in Paris!" she replied. "But that was years ago." She added this as though closing the way to question, and Dennis understood. It was before the family fortunes failed.

Much as Dennis liked Mr. Barber as a companion, he did not take comfort in the notion that in marrying Laura, should he be so happy, he would likewise be marrying her father. And yet he would certainly have proposed to that young lady on the day he ceased to be her lodger, even though it had involved her family to the seventh degree of consanguinity, if it had not been for the result of those confounded test pits he had been sinking. As it was, he almost slunk from her like a criminal. He was blackened and overwhelmed by ten million tons of peat, and all his hopes with him.

"You will come back and see us when you can," said Mr. Barber cheerfully at parting. "Laura owns the house, but I issue the invitations in my name."

Laura's place! Dennis turned away disheartened afresh. So her father dared not own even that bit of a home, but had to carry it in his daughter's name! It was her house, where he had been served by her hands for a pittance, and presently he should tear it down over her head. Oh, if ever fortune grew fickle and frowned she did her worst that day!

III

DENNIS' borings numbered hundreds, and covered Beulah Valley for ten miles, but they all focused on one fact for him, and that fact was that Laura Barber's little homestead would not lose a mere slice off one side, but would inevitably be slashed through the heart, cut into two hopeless halves, with the house, trees, orchard, buildings—all that might make it home—ruthlessly swept as with a besom of destruction by the 300-foot right-of-way of the canal. There could be no escape if the canal were built at all.

The route recommended by Dangerfield ran the fifteen miles through Beulah Prairie on a tangent, from end to end. That line must now be abandoned, for Dennis' testing had shown the peat, yards deep, under nearly every foot of the whole way.

But, winding through the valley, approximately near its centre, sneaked a villainous ridge of solid material: boulders, pebbles, gravel and clay; submerged, all but its crest, in the bog. It was the moraine left by some unrecorded advance of the ancient ice flow. Its crest was hardly more than wide enough to carry the canal. The route would be sinuous, but it was practicable; and Laura Barber's house was fairly in the centre of that route. There was no other possible line.

The men went in, but Dennis' report did not. On horseback and on foot he traversed a wide span of country beyond the Barber place, looking for something with desperate but rising hope. Then he got a man out with him and ran some levels, and did some more figuring, and at last he sought Dangerfield again, one evening.

Dangerfield rented a residence in the little town, and used one room as general office, one for his assistants, and a third, adjoining the general office, for his own private office. When Dennis came in Dangerfield was sitting at a desk in the general office, looking over some bills for timber and cement delivered to the part of his section on which construction was in progress. The other rooms were dark, the doors into them both standing open. This was all as it should be, but not the unmistakable tang of tobacco in the air. It was cigar smoke, and smoke that Dennis recognized as very good indeed. He had smelled its like before. But how came it there, where no man dared smoke? Dangerfield's one pitiless particular hobby was his hatred of tobacco: the one foible that made it hardest for him to keep assistants. It must be a high and mighty guest who dared touch him thus on his tender point.

In ten minutes Dangerfield, fortified by previous partial reports, had the case clearly before him. "Our only way," he said, "is to follow the ridge till we get on to solid ground at the south side of the valley, and thence make our way along the footslope of the hill to the point at the west end of the valley at which we had planned to leave it. That's plain, isn't it?"

"No, Mr. Dangerfield," replied Dennis with quiet assertiveness, "it is not at all plain. That is not the only way out, and it is far from the best way."

Dangerfield leaned back with a wince, and glared at him. "Oh, I suppose you have some plan of your own to propose," he roared. "You have nine notions in that fool head of yours for every link in the chain. I'll set you back to axeman to-morrow."

"No, sir," said Dennis, unafraid; "you will promote me instead—if you have any chance to do it. Now, see here:

"Your original plan, now in the hands of the chief engineer, but suspended for your report, calls for the extension of the canal westward through this wide valley the natives call Beulah Prairie, with a lock of ten-foot lift—Lock 16—at the eastern end of Beulah Prairie, a tangent level to the west end of that prairie, fifteen miles west of there, and then a descent of thirty-five feet in less than two miles, by means of four locks, one of ten-foot lift, one of nine and two of eight each. In that two miles you have to construct one highway bridge and two culverts across the line of the canal, and you have to carry the canal across one fair-sized stream on an aqueduct. All this expensive masonry, aggregating a cost of at least $400,000, is concentrated, by this plan, within a distance of but little more than two miles. Rock Creek is your route after you leave Beulah Prairie, and its valley, near the line of the watercourse, is to contain all this costly work.

"Rock Creek is a terror in floodtime. Its swift fall, nearly eighteen feet to the mile, makes it very hard to handle when it is up; yet this original plan contemplates the trusting of nearly three-quarters of a million in masonry and embankment to the chances of a sudden rise that is likely to carry away a large amount of work at any time during process of construction, and sure to be a source of anxiety during the entire life of the canal. And there is a better, cheaper and safer way—a way around this trouble."

Dangerfield's eyes glowed like coals, and his voice was a growl. "It is a sad thing," he said, "a sad, sad thing, that they didn't make you superintending engineer of this canal as soon as you knew your letters." Dennis went on as calmly as though he had not spoken:

"I have come to you to suggest this: follow my moraine eight miles. There you reach the south side of Beulah Prairie about half-way to the west end of it; solid ground all the way there, and a line that winds only moderately. At this point you are two miles south of the line that has been projected. Now, instead of following the footslope of the hills back to that original line at the west end of Beulah, go on southward. A fifteen-foot cut, 380 yards long, will let you across the low divide and into the valley of Mud Creek. This is a tributary of Rock Creek, which it enters about three miles below the west end of the Beulah Prairie tangent you have recommended. Now see what you will gain by this.

"In the first place, you will be dealing with a smaller stream than Rock Creek, and a smaller volume of water in times of freshet. In the next place, you will be in a wide valley that descends only about thirty-six feet in about twelve miles, or three feet to the mile, instead of being in a valley that drops nearly thirty-six feet in about two miles, or say eighteen feet to the mile. Because of this small slope you can scatter your masonry so that no flood is likely to get it all if the worst should happen. Again, on this entire line down Mud Creek you can handle all the wash that will come down the hill-slope with one culvert, where you must have two on the other line. Again, you will have no highway crossing—no bridge to build. Again, to get back to the original line at the point of departure from Beulah you will be forced to make a detour that will involve at least 1200 yards of canal line more than your original plan, whereas this line that I propose, as far as I have been able to run it roughly, will be no longer than your original line, as this rough map indicates. And a further reason is found in the fact that the line I propose has lighter excavation, and very little embankment to build, practically all the way. In short, Mr. Dangerfield, it is the logical route, and the only one. The original plan will be abandoned in its favor."

"In just about two weeks more," began Dangerfield in a voice of menacing smoothness, "if I let you keep on interfering with the work we've got laid out here, you will have me stand this canal up on end and feed it water with a spoon." He spouted luridly for a minute, while Dennis sat looking at him, as grave as a statue. As soon as the flow of fulmination abated he went on with his speech:

"I remember, and I suppose you do, that about a month ago, in this room one night, you told me that I had done you a great service in discovering that peat bog in time to divert the canal from it, and also told me to come to you for any favor in your power to give me. I remember that you promised to do certain things to me if I didn't demand the favor when the time came, or something to that effect. I hope you haven't forgotten this, for to-night I am here to ask that favor."

"Well," said the irascible Dangerfield with absolute gentleness. "I remember—very well. What is it?"

"Besides this necessary relocation of line which I have suggested," began the young man, "I want you to buy this

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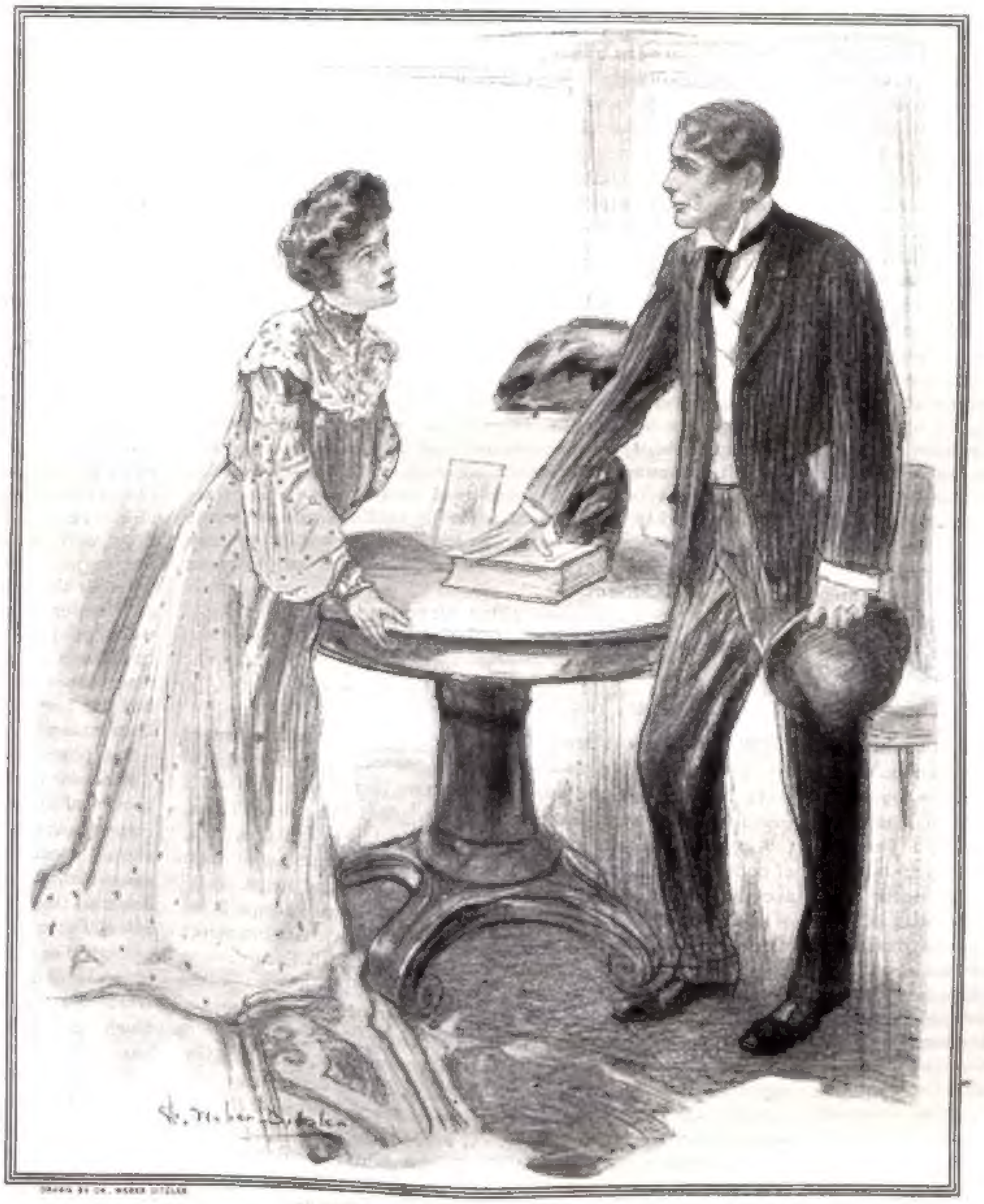


"THEY MIGHT STEAL THE HOUSE"

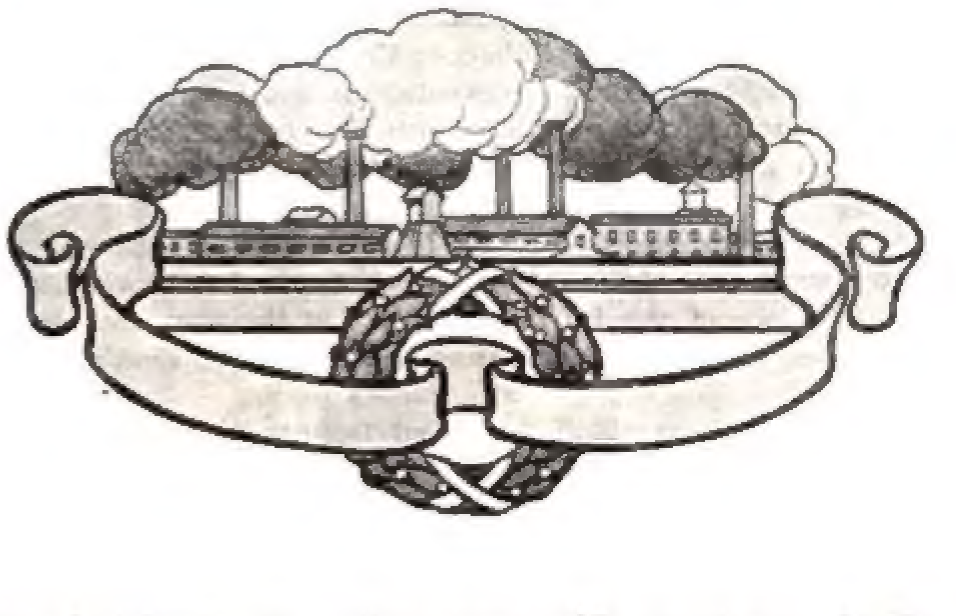
THE OPEN SHOP

By John Mitchell, David Maclean Parry Owen Wister and Clarence S. Darrow

The Labor Leader's View

IN ORDER to understand the attitude of labor organizations toward the open shop it is essential that a clear comprehension be had of the fundamental principle of trade unionism.

A trade union, in its usual form, is an association of workingmen who have agreed among themselves not to bargain individually with the employers, but to agree to the terms of a collective contract between the employer and the union.



Trade unionism has grown out of the recognition of the fact that under normal conditions the individual, unorganized workman cannot bargain advantageously with the employer for the sale of his labor, and the fundamental reason for the existence of the trade union is that by it and through it workingmen are enabled to deal collectively with their employers. Since, through the lack of money in reserve, he must sell his labor immediately, since he is ignorant of the market and has no skill in bargaining, since that which he sells is a part of his very life and soul and being, and since he has only his own labor to sell, while the employer engages hundreds or even thousands of men and can easily do without the services of a single individual, the workingman, if bargaining on his own account and for himself alone, is at an enormous disadvantage, and will inevitably secure less than is justly due him. The individual contract between employers and men means that the condition of the poorest and lowest-paid man in the industry is that which the best man must accept. Therefore, from first to last, always and everywhere, trade unionism stands unalterably opposed to this individual contract. There can be no concession or yielding upon this point. No momentary advantage, however great, no increase in wages, no reduction in hours, no improvement in conditions will permanently compensate the workingman for even a temporary surrender in any part of this fundamental principle.

The difficulties in the way of maintaining the joint contract in an establishment in which union and non-union men are employed are easily apparent, since it is practically impossible for these two classes to dwell together in amity in the same shop. And this is not necessarily a matter of personal animosity, for men who are on different sides of a question are oftentimes friends; but a shop with union and non-union men is like a house divided against itself. There is a constant attempt to organize it entirely, an unceasing struggle to abolish organization altogether. The great danger to the union lies in the fact that ordinarily a non-unionist who is not willing to pay dues is still less willing to abide by the union scale if it seems to his advantage to undercut it. While accepting union wages when work is plenty he will immediately disregard the scale when work becomes more difficult to obtain. The non-union man thus receives all the benefits of the existence of a union, and at the same time the assurance of his position is rendered doubly sure at the expense of the union which protects him. Restrained only by the fact of the general superiority of the work of the union men, the employer is prone to discharge them whenever there is a necessity to reduce his force, and to engage non-union men when need for more workmen arises. The result of a number of non-union men cutting wages is analogous to the existence in a community of healthy people of a man afflicted with a contagious disease. Many of the weaker-kneed union men, seeing their opportunities for employment disappearing through the action of tolerated non-union men, will also, either openly or secretly, accept reductions in wages, so that, eventually, the whole scale is broken down and the industry disorganized.

If the trade union did not insist upon enforcing common rules providing for equal pay for equal work and definite conditions of safety and health for all workers in the trade, the result would be that all pretense of a joint bargain would disappear and the employers would be free constantly to make individual contracts with the workmen.

Unionists in general feel that as the non-unionist obtains the advantage of all the sacrifices made by members of the union he should share in these sacrifices. The belief is that he who reaps should sow. It is peculiarly galling to a trade-union man to find that the men who worked while he was striking, and possibly starving, are the first to gain by sacrifices which he, and not they, have made. Nevertheless, to these men who have not struck, who have not paid dues, who have borne no share of the expense either of organization or of struggle, the union opens wide its doors. At the eleventh hour they are permitted to enter, usually upon the same terms as others. All that is demanded is that in the future the cost and burden of trade-union management and action shall be fairly shared by these men.

It has been very apparent for some time, however, that the question involved is not so much the "open" or the "closed" shop as it is the union or the non-union shop. Opposition to the closed shop is merely a cloak to hide pronounced antagonism to the organization of labor. The most ardent advocates of the "open shop"—among whom is notably the President of the National Association of Manufacturers—will not permit a union man to work for them. There are, of course, exceptions to this statement, but, generally speaking, it is true. There would be some justification for the attitude of the advocates of the open shop if the unions monopolized industry; but as long as they continue to admit to membership any person working at the trade—and admit him upon the terms upon which those already in were admitted—there can be no monopoly.

Employers are constantly seeking to extend and enlarge the responsibility of the unions, and to meet this responsibility it is incumbent upon the labor organizations to exercise jurisdiction over all men employed in the same shop, over all those working at a given trade or calling; otherwise the union will be powerless to enforce any contract it may make regulating wages, hours and conditions of employment in that shop or industry.

JOHN MITCHELL,
President of the United Mine Workers of America.

The Workingman's Side

UNDER present methods of industry the great mass of men are bound to work for wages. No doubt here and there some fortunate laborer may rise to the position of a captain of industry, but this does not affect the rule. Then, too, production is ever carried on upon a larger scale, which, of course, means that a constantly growing number of men are always passing under the supervision of one head.

Whether wise or unwise, the day of large things is at hand, and combination is the order of the time. All branches of industry and production are organized with the greatest care, and without thorough system the employer can neither keep his place in the business world nor perform his proper social functions.

As a matter of fact, labor is a commodity, sold on the market to the highest bidder. Though, in the main, it is only a commodity, still the difference between flesh and blood and human life, which is labor, and inanimate things has always been recognized by both economists and humanitarians. This sort of commodity deserves all the protection that organized society can give, for in its last analysis it is organized society itself. Except so far as the law and the power of the workman interfere, labor is ruled by the same laws that govern wheat and cattle. It is evident that the employer with his stored-up thousands is able to hire the laborer or not as he sees fit; but the workman, with nothing but his time and strength to sell, and urged by every human impulse, cannot long haggle and make terms. Not only is the employer in an unrestricted market offered the competition of numberless workmen looking for a job, but he can use the labor of women and children to run machines to help him in his effort to buy at the cheapest price. Not only can all these instruments be used to buy labor at the lowest price, but to enforce the cheapest tools, least sanitary conditions, the poorest fellow-servants, the longest hours and the hardest conditions—in short, to raise the dangers and discomforts to a maximum and to place the wages at a minimum. In this contest the intelligent and best-fed workman, too, must bid against those whose condition and intelligence have placed them nearer to the brute, and this unrestricted competition amongst workmen, with a full monopoly of the means of production by the employer, tends toward a constant reduction of the physical, mental and moral stature of the workman.

Trades unions were formed to improve the condition of the workman. In some form they are almost as old as any human institution. That trades unions have been one of the chief factors through the ages in improving the condition of labor, in shortening hours, in making sanitary conditions, and in raising the wages of workmen—that is, in giving them a greater portion of the product of labor—has long been past dispute. Monopolists and many employers have persistently fought trades unions because they have given more to the workman and less to the employer. If the result were otherwise the opposition would long since have died away. The life and civilization of nations and races in their last analysis depend upon the prosperity and liberty of their common men. So the trades unions have ever fought not their own battles alone but the battles of Humanity itself.

Assuming, then, that trades unions are wise and right, how stands the question as to the open shop? Neither in law nor morals is there any such thing as an inalienable right to work. Like any other right, this depends entirely upon its method and how it affects the common good. The law has long since forbidden the competition of the Chinese, as tending to degrade the labor and lower the conditions of the white. It has fixed rules and regulations as to sanitary conditions, age and sex of employees, hours of service, and, in fact, has interfered whenever necessary to prevent the enfeebling and degradation of the workman. The sacred right to work, so much paraded by certain people, means only the sacred right of the employer to hire cheap workmen to undermine good ones and to coin the independence and manhood of workmen into gold. A workman has no greater "inalienable" right to work with whom he pleases than he has to play with whom he pleases, or associate with whom he pleases; the other party concerned has as much right to say whether they wish his company for work or play or society as the man himself, and if the association of his fellows in work or play or society is of sufficient importance to his happiness he must so conduct himself that his fellows will associate with him. This is not the law of trades unionism but the law of life, and is fundamental in the nature of all living things.

A workman doubtless has the right to work or play or live alone—or with those who see fit to work or play or live with him, and with no one else. And it is as unreasonable and impertinent for an employer to demand of a workman that he should associate with any one the employer seeks to force upon him in his work as it would be for the workman to demand that the employer should receive into his parlor or his society whomever the workman wished. Both proceed upon the same theory, the same deep and abiding nature, the love of each for his kind and his class; and the non-union workman is not of the kind and the class of either the union workman or the employer. He cannot have the society of one for work or the other for play, for he is alien to both. He is a sort of bat, belonging to neither the earth nor the sky.

That a workman has a legal right to refuse to work with a non-union man cannot be disputed, except that in the great multitude of lawyers and judges some will be found who will maintain any proposition, however absurd. No employer doubts his right to refuse work to union men, and the courts without exception have upheld this right. No more can the right of workmen to refuse to labor with non-union men be denied.

The reasons for exercising this right are manifest and plain. From the days of serfdom until now the workman has been in a constant struggle with his employer to obtain some measure of liberty and life. Every step in trades unionism has been marked with the most strenuous opposition and the greatest suffering and hardship. In every age and country employers have sought to destroy labor unions. The right to insist on working only with the unionists is simply the commonest self-defense. The experience of the past and the present shows that the hand of the master is against the union—this, not because the master is bad, but because, under the rule of competition and the laws of trade, he must needs get all he can. The tendency of the master is ever to discriminate against the union, and thus to cause its disruption and overthrow. The hardest tasks, the longest hours, the most trying conditions are imposed upon unionists, while the workman who courts his master's favor is given the easiest place. Then, too, the unionist is ever marked for the first dismissal. His bread is constantly in danger, and the temptation and peril are ever there. With the free right to dismiss, no reason need be given or any sort of a reason may be given, but the unionist is always marked for the slaughter, and every unionist in the open shop is at the mercy of an unfeeling foe. The open shop to the unionist means simply an open back door through which he may be turned adrift into the world because of his loyalty to his union and his fellowmen. Full protection to unionists can come in no other way than by the closed shop, and to deny the right of workmen to insist on this is to deny unionism itself.

Then, too, the non-union men, as a class, are a shifty and an inferior lot. Of course, there are men in their ranks that cannot be so classed, but the non-union workman who is used as a club to whip his brother into the best terms and conditions, to defeat his hopes and aspirations, can never have the respect even of those who use him for a day and then throw him aside. Trades unionists insist that those who have fought the battle and borne the burden shall have the benefits of organization. They cannot tolerate the thought that the man who stands out against the efforts of his fellows for shorter hours, sanitary and safe shops, better wages and improved conditions, when the victory has been won against his cowardly and unmanly efforts shall come in for his full share and more of the fruits of a hard-fought contest.

Under present conditions trades unionists and the non-unionists can never work together in peace. The one pledges himself to his brethren to work to a large extent for the union's good; the other joins with his enemies to undermine and to destroy.

All of this is not saying that there should not and will not be a system when capital and labor will be one; an industrial life without conflict and strife. It is toward this that the trades unions work and for this that they hope. But business to-day is built on haggling, on antagonisms, on class interests, on profits, and the man who does not stand with his class will be despised by his fellows, and cannot expect to enjoy the fruits of their devotion and their toil.

CLARENCE S. DARROW,
Late Chief Counsel for the Anthracite Coal Miners.

The Land of the Free

ONE morning our Senate was to consider a certain important bill. This bill was displeasing to Mr. J. D. Rockefeller — reason enough for Mr. Rockefeller that it should not be passed; and he thought it would be reason enough for the Senate. He sent a telegram (which the Senators found upon their desks) saying, "Do not pass the bill," and signed with his name. The Senate passed the bill.

Another morning our Government was requested by the Printers' Union to stop employing a man called Miller. Why? Mr. Miller was satisfactory to the Government; why discharge him? Because Mr. Miller was displeasing to the Printers' Union; he was a scab. Well, the Government continued to employ Mr. Miller.

Pray stop a moment and think of these things; compare the two cases. In each the Government is minding its business; in each the business displeases somebody, and this somebody thinks his own individual displeasure reason enough to stop the Government. This somebody in each case a Trust — Standard Oil and Printers' Union — Union and Trust being two words for one thing, an organization for the sake of power. Both Trusts are so swelled by power that they count themselves more important than seventy millions of people, bigger than the United States: that is the plain English of it. In their purpose (and their expectation) to swing a Government for their private ends there's not a hair's breadth difference between them.

Do you think King George's tea was emptied into Boston Harbor for the sole benefit of Standard Oil and Printers' Union? Do you think the Declaration of Independence applied only to them, and left the rest of us out?

We are fond of singing a song that has a line in it:

The land of the free and the home of the brave.

We are fond of singing this song, of rising up to sing it, because it means Home to us, Country to us, our Native Land, our hope, our ideal, our belief: the land of the free. How true is this song just now?

I have no King George to tax my tea without my representation; but I do have an Oil Trust, a Beef Trust, a Tobacco Trust, and so forth. I have no German Emperor to say that I shall serve in his army; but I do have the walking delegate who says I shall not paint my own fence except in the way that he pleases, that I can't shoe my own horse except in the way that he pleases, that I can't shingle my roof, plaster my wall, solder my pump, and, worse than all, that I can't even work without his permission, can't hire myself to any railroad, mill or mine; if I dare to he'll have me starved out, my head broken, my body torn with dynamite. That is his threat, and he makes it good in every State of the Union. Is there much land of the free about that? Is that much better than being hanged for treason by King George?

What, then, is the matter with the land of the free?

Of course, organization is not only inevitable, it is good — good for the Rockefellers and for all the rest of us too, whether we hold a pick or a pen. But here comes the old story, old as Europe, old as despotism, old as mankind: *No man can stand an overdose of power.* It poisons his heart, it swells his head, he becomes a tyrant. His name may be Rockefeller or Labor Union; they're all twins after swallowing an overdose of power, all enemies of liberty, all destroyers of your rights and my rights. We are dealing with Rockefellers; their threat to our freedom is lessening; with wisdom and folly mingled we shall teach them their place, and keep them in it. But we have not yet dealt with Labor Unions. So far we have merely hailed them as the antidotes of the Rockefellers, which they are not. We saw their wholesome influence, their undoubted justice, their necessity. But we spoiled them. We coddled them with wrong sympathy, we blindly upheld them, we gave them our sentimental countenance, we took their side without inquiry, until they imagine themselves above criticism, sacred characters, privileged pets, just as Rockefeller did; and so we find them one morning ordering the Government to discharge Miller the scab at Washington, while at Cripple Creek they dynamite thirteen miners because they were scabs.

To such things has Unionism come. Swollen with its overdose of power, it and the Standard Oil are twins: twins in tyranny, twins in their need to be called to order by the American people.

Let us clearly understand the significance of the scab. He is the man who needs our backing now. He stands for liberty, the right to live, the right to work, every right that we have all inherited in the land of the free. As the patriots stood against George and his Stamp Act in 1776, so in 1904 does the scab stand against Unionism and dynamite. He is the human symbol of protest against tyranny.

OWEN WISTER.

The Employer's Side

THE closed shop defined means that only union men have the right to labor. It means that the shops and other avenues to and places of employment shall be closed to workmen who do not belong to Organized Labor.

The various labor organizations have steadily insisted that the closed shop must prevail. Mr. Gompers, Mr. Mitchell and the rest of the intellectual leaders of labor point to their army of three millions of workmen and demand that Organized Labor be granted what it asks. To enforce acquiescence they have waged numerous strikes for several years, and in these contests thousands have been assaulted and many have been murdered, while homes without number have been broken up and great industries paralyzed. The cost of this warfare has been enormous, and it still continues to cast a blight upon the country's welfare, restricting production, enhancing the cost of living, and adding an extra hazard to life and property interests in the industrial centres.

The first law of this country is that guaranteeing individual freedom. It is written in the Constitution, in the Declaration of Independence, and in the Constitutions and statutes of every State in the Union. It is the most precious possession of the common people, and yet Organized Labor, ostensibly existing to benefit the common people, seeks to destroy this freedom. Could ignorance be guilty of more stupendous folly? Once abrogate the principle of individual sovereignty and the tyrant will inevitably appear, and it will make no difference to the common man whether that tyrant is a master of Organized Labor or of military despotism. In one State of this country in the last year — the State of Colorado — the warfare of Organized Labor against individual rights reached such a climax that when thirteen men were massacred and six others injured by a dynamite explosion while peacefully waiting for the train to take them to their homes, the whole public not comprised in the union arose practically as one man, and in its intense indignation compelled the local judge, sheriff and police officers to resign, and, with the assistance of the militia, deported the strikers from the community. There is a great lesson to be learned by the rest of the country in this temporary failure of self-government in Colorado. I should like to ask the people of any Eastern city what they would do if their railway station were to be blown up with dynamite and a large body of non-union workmen massacred, as they were in Colorado? The American people will not put up with anarchy, and they must eventually insist upon full obedience to law, even though the transgressor be Organized Labor.

The President of the United States some months ago declared in an emphatic manner that the closed shop would not apply in the Government departments; that the laws of the United States were superior to the laws of the unions. As a result he has been roundly denounced, and has been misrepresented by such leaders as Gompers and Mitchell in signed circulars. The courts of several States have rendered decisions declaring in unequivocal language that closed shop contracts were in violation of the Constitution of the country and of the criminal statutes of the States, and were void. A recent issue of the American Federation organ practically charges that these decisions were bought. In a number of cities the police have been declared to be the hirelings of capital when they sought to prevent assaults and maintain peace in times of strikes, and judges who have bravely remained steadfast to their oath of office to administer the law as it is have been maligned with savage venom. Organized Labor continually and persistently defies the law and the whole machinery of our Government, and if this is not sedition and rebellion, what is it?

But the American people will not put up with outlawry on the part of any one whatsoever. Both of the great parties have recently inserted planks in their national platforms which virtually declare for the open shop, and each of the candidates for President has, in his speech accepting the nomination, taken pains to state explicitly that the law must be enforced and that every man has the right to work where and when he pleases. The only candidate for the Presidency who upholds the closed shop is Debs, the socialist.

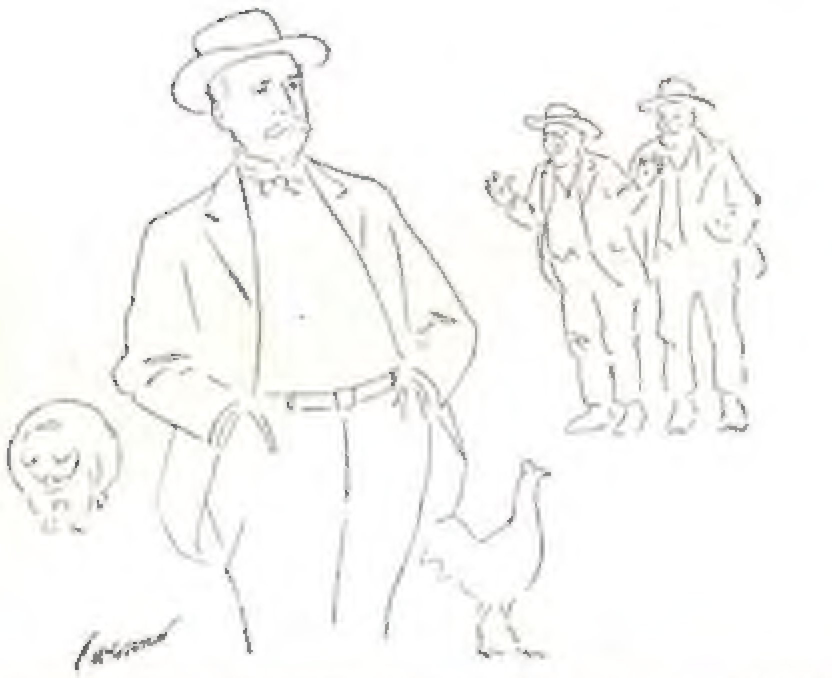
The labor leaders maintain that the closed shop is necessary for the success of Organized Labor, and that Organized Labor is necessary for the protection of the workmen against the rapacity of the employer. They say that no man has the moral right to exercise individual freedom when by so doing he jeopardizes the success of the organization in its efforts to uplift humanity. This is the argument of Mahomet, who with the sword enforced "the true faith" upon millions. The idea that the individual has no rights that organized power need respect is the essence of every despotism in the world, and there never was a despotism that did not claim to be solicitous for the welfare of its subjects. Organized Labor is no exception. In order to support the thousands of leaders and organizers in its ranks millions of dollars are collected out of the earnings of its subjects, and in return the latter are compelled to stop work when ordered, to work only so much a day, and to comply with other restrictions upon their individual initiative. Investigation has shown that a heavy percentage of the men in organized labor to-day chafe under the direction of their union bosses, and would gladly throw up their membership if they did not fear the loss of work and the enmity of their unions. Even when a union succeeds in elevating its wage scale the gain in wages is generally far more than offset by the cost of strikes

(*Concluded on Page 22*)

The Cartoon and the Campaign

The Part that Pictures Play in the Candidate's Victory or Defeat

By John T. McCutcheon


A FARM SUGGESTS HONESTY, SIMPLICITY AND DEMOCRACY

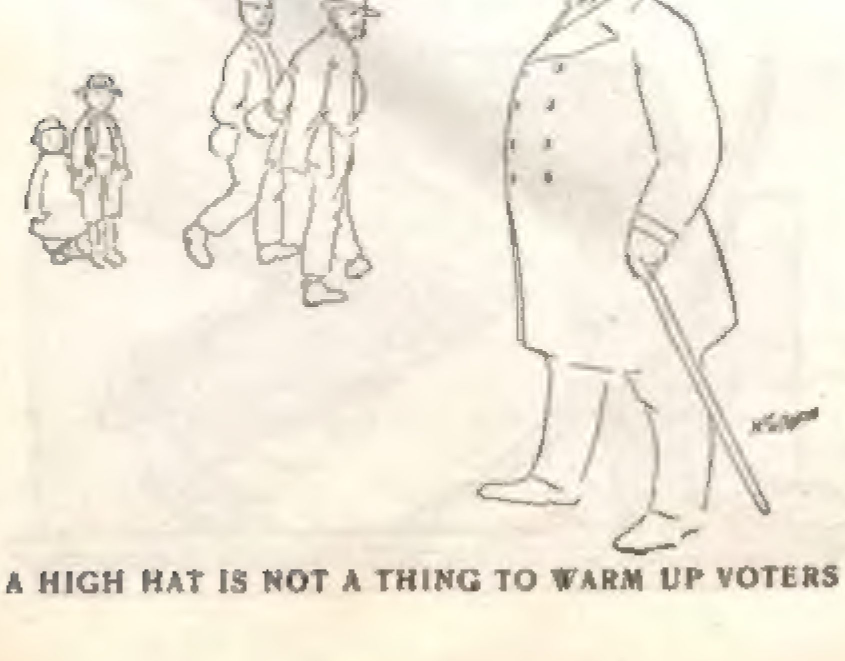
ABOUT once in every so often, or, to be more explicit, once in every four years, the great game of politics holds the centre of the stage. Everything else is crowded off to the side.

Even women, who ordinarily don't know, and, what's more, don't care to know, who's running for what, wake up and take an interest in those queer people, the politicians. They know who are on the tickets and what each set of candidates stands for. They know that the funny-looking man with the piercing eyes and the oratorical hair is Mr. Bryan, and that he is now in penumbra. And they know that the man who looks like the well-known maker of $3.50 shoes is now guiding the destinies of the Democratic donkey, and that he lives on the Hudson, in a little town with a queer, patent-medicine sort of a name. These things and many more become as plain as Sarah Bernhardt to every one who reads, or even sees, the papers. The reason is largely the political cartoon.

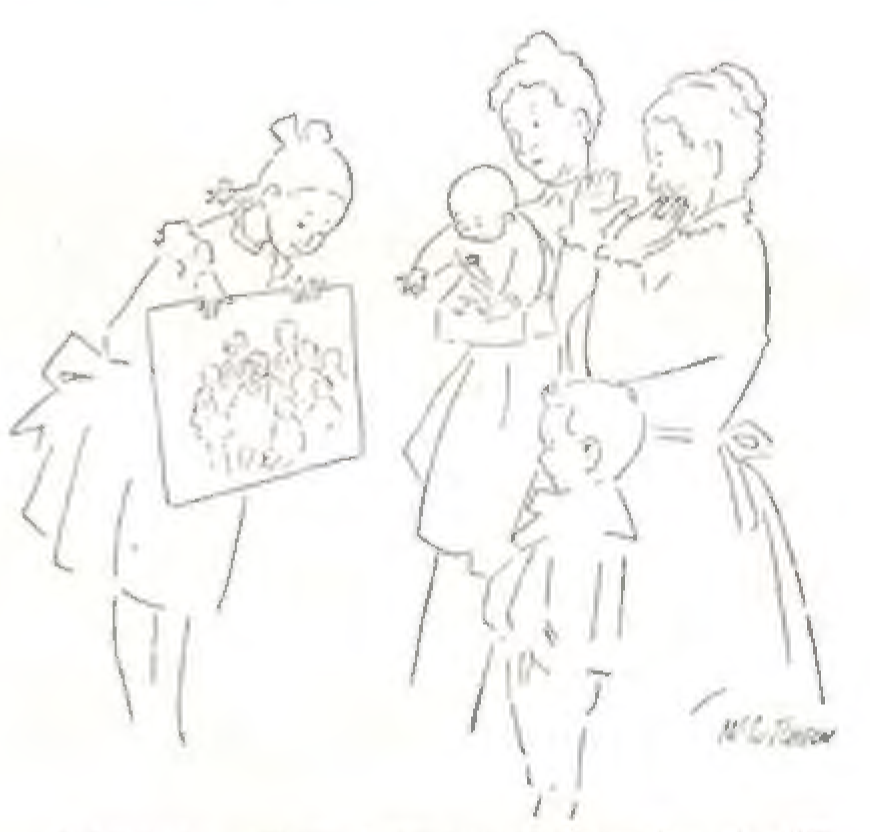
If ever the cartoonist flourishes it is during the Presidential campaign. His cartoons attract attention, for he is treating a subject in which everybody is interested; and that is the chief essential of popular cartoons. His ideas come easily, and he does not have to sit and rack his brain for one, as is so often the case in other years. Each day's news furnishes a golden text, and his ingenuity does the rest. He forgets those barren days that have gone, and, instead of groping for any sort of an idea, he is now obliged to pick from a large assortment.

Newspaper cartoons are like the weather. We have weather all our lives, but we don't notice it unless it does something unusual. If we have beautiful days month after month it ceases to cause comment; but let a roaring storm come and everybody pays attention. And so with cartoons. In ordinary years they are regarded with passive interest, but when they begin to storm during the Presidential year the newspaper reader's jaded soul is thrilled and he at once becomes deeply interested.

It is a curious thing to watch the beginning of a Presidential contest as it is reflected in the cartoons. New faces and new names appear, and the slow process of educating the people commences. For instance, a couple of years ago the face of Mr. Parker was practically unknown outside of New York State, or even Albany. Suddenly he became a Presidential possibility and the cartoonists began to put him into the papers. They didn't know much about him or about his habits, so they waited eagerly for some one to discover what the chief characteristics of the newcomer might be. Presently it was developed that he goes swimming each morning in the Hudson. That gave a working clew. Immediately cartoons appeared everywhere, and the whole nation at once knew that Parker was a judge who goes swimming. Then a correspondent described Mr. Parker's home, laying stress upon the fact that the aforesaid home has an agricultural annex. Immediately the cartoonists surrounded the newly-risen celebrity with farmyard accessories, and the great public is speedily possessed of another fact regarding Mr. Parker. They now know that he was a judge, that he lives in Esopus, that he goes swimming in the Hudson, and that he's a sort of a gentleman farmer.


A HIGH HAT IS NOT A THING TO WARM UP VOTERS

Then some one discovered that David B. Hill was the sponsor and press-agent of the candidate. This was seized with avidity by the Republican cartoonists, who seemed to attach a sinister significance to the relationship. The Democratic cartoonists, perhaps, have not observed it yet, or else they consider that Mr. Hill as godfather to their candidate has not the elements that drive Democratic voters into fits of rapture and enthusiasm. So they leave Mr. Hill somewhat in the background for the present, and devote themselves to splendid pictures of Mr. Parker surrounded by the honest simplicity of home life.


A VALUABLE ASSET FOR A POLITICIAN IS A LARGE FAMILY

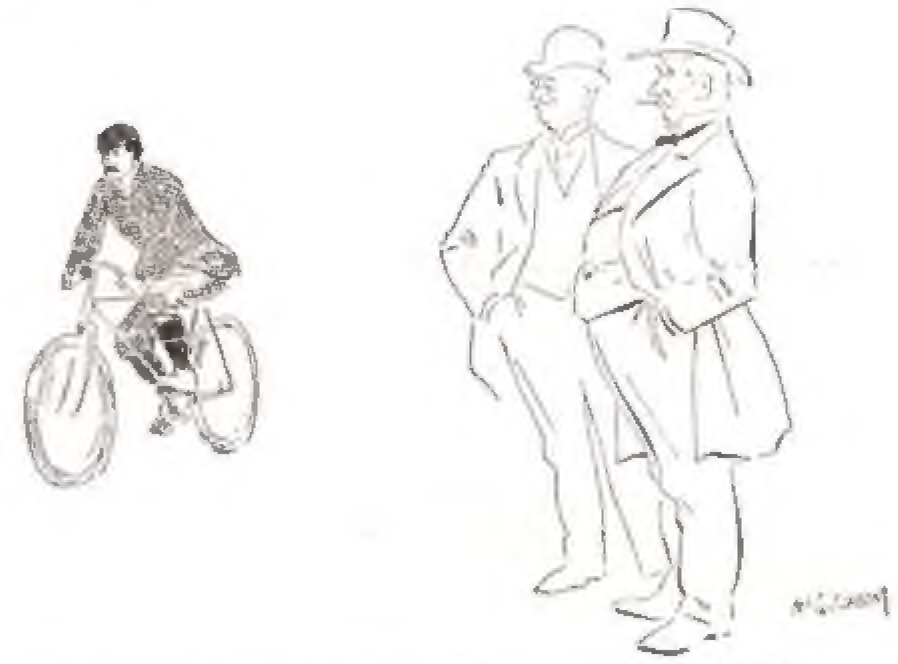
Cartoonists who make a study of cause and effect soon learn that there are several valuable tricks of the trade.

For instance, they find that the American people like a man who is concerned in farming. To the average mind a farm suggests honesty, simplicity and democracy. It never occurs to us that a man who loves cattle and sheep and pigs and chickens is a bad man. He must be honest or else he would not have such proclivities. Therefore the cartoonist, in drawing his particular candidate, rather emphasizes the farm. It pleases the real farmer and by no means displeases the city people. It proves to all practical purposes that the man is not a snob, or an aristocrat, or a dreadful Wall-Streeter.

Therefore accent the farm in drawing cartoons of your candidate if he happens to have farmerish leanings.

Another thing to be avoided is the use of high hats on your favorite candidate. A high hat is not a thing to warm up voters, and that is why you never see clever politicians or candidates wearing silk hats. It will either be a slouch hat or an unobtrusive derby—never a high hat, and rarely one that is conspicuous.

In this connection I am reminded of Carter H. Harrison's first race for Mayor of Chicago. At the beginning of the campaign, which was a hot one, somebody or other unearthed a picture of the young man as he appeared in a bicycle suit and cap. He was bent over the handle-bar and had the characteristic bicycle face. Naturally this picture was not one to reassure people. Obviously the young man lacked dignity and would not do for a mayor of a great city. The bicycle cap became an issue and at another time might have defeated Mr. Harrison. As it was, however, the campaign was coincident with the bicycle craze, and it is presumed that several hundred thousand cyclists rallied around the bicycle cap and elected it.


OBVIOUSLY THE YOUNG MAN LACKED DIGNITY

Another instance comes to mind in the same connection. Mr. Roosevelt had a photograph made of himself and his three sons. It was an excellent picture. The President showed up trim in a very smart riding-suit. Military leggins, or "puttees," encased his sturdy calves, and altogether the picture was an artistic success. One day he showed it to a friend, a United States Senator, who had learned a thing or two about voters west of Weehawken.

"I don't believe I'd let that picture get circulated, Mr. President," said he.

"Why not?" asked Mr. Roosevelt.

"Well, in the first place, people out West where I came from don't go into raptures over men in smart riding costumes. They like people of their own sort, and it won't help you a bit to have them think that you are a dude. In the next place, those leggins look too military, and there's no use in looking military in times of peace. Some people say that you are inclined to militarism a little too much as it is, and those leggins will make them think so still more."

The picture was not circulated.

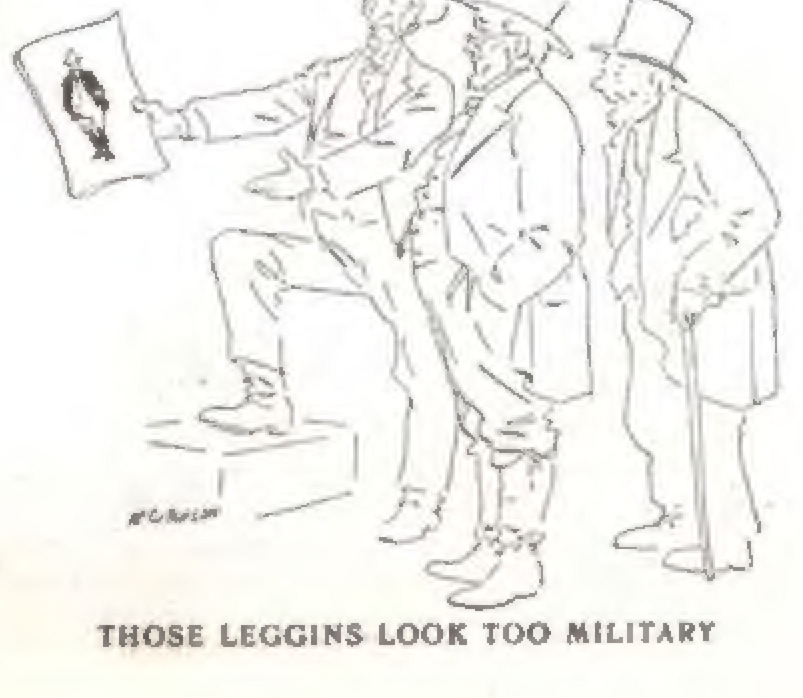
It is a golden rule in politics that a candidate to be popular must be married. Mr. Cleveland was an exception to this rule in 1884, but his swift rise from one position to another gave him a picturesqueness in the minds of the people that made them forget the domestic delinquency. He was a man of destiny and it was ordained that he should be successful. Yet it will readily be admitted, I think, that the country was greatly pleased when he finally married, and it is undoubtedly true that the beautiful character of his wife won him a much warmer place in the hearts of the people.

A story is told of a rich bachelor who had high aspirations along the line of politics. One day he was discussing his chances with a very world-wise counselor, and the latter at once announced that the aspirant would stand no show unless he were married.

"You've got to get married," spoke the counselor. "The women of the country will be against a man who can afford to get married and doesn't. You can't afford to antagonize the women."

The young man was married soon afterward, although I should not be so unchivalrous as to intimate that the marriage was one of political expediency. It was probably only a convenient coincidence.

Another valuable asset for a politician is a large family, and that the value of this is recognized I think there can be no doubt. Else why have the newspapers and magazines


THOSE LEGGINS LOOK TOO MILITARY

swarmed with group pictures of candidates and their children?

Mr. Roosevelt was quick to recognize the homely, sympathetic bond which good Americans have for those with generous families. A man surrounded by children is a wholesome sight, and a picture of this domestic richness is a vote-getter not to be lightly sneezed at.

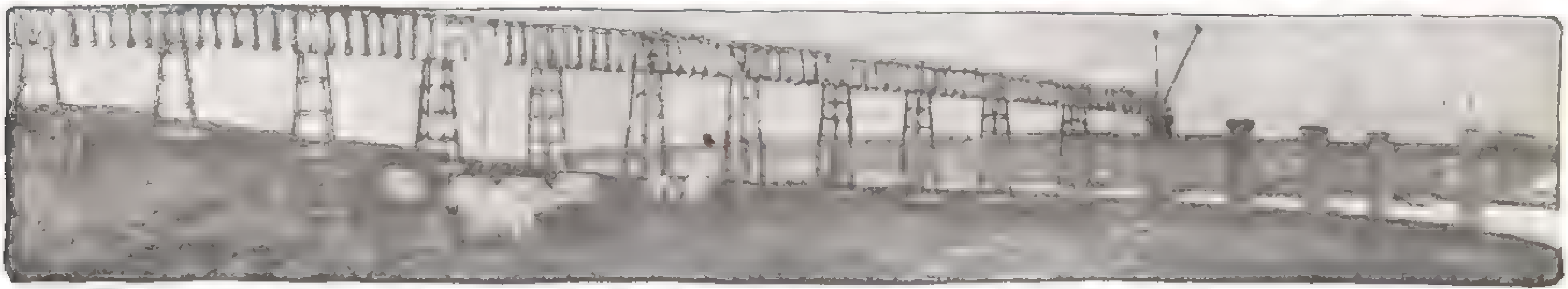
Early in the year the President was photographed with his wife and his six children. These pictures have been reproduced everywhere. Not to be outdone entirely, Mr. Parker then appeared in the midst of his family, and what he lacked in numbers he made up in generations, for his mother and his grandmother appeared in the group. The Americans love children and also have a very friendly feeling for a man who loves children. Hence the policy of sending out the family album where the honest voters can see it

The value of cartoons in a political contest is obviously very great. The cartoon reaches everybody, whereas the editorial reaches far fewer. The cartoon is readily comprehended, whereas the news columns require much time in the reading. The cartoon is sharp and direct, and no one can look at the paper without grasping its intent. Undoubtedly the cartoons wield a great influence in elections, and graft in the minds of the readers certain favorable or detractory conceptions of the candidates. If a reader sees a blatant face in the cartoons for months he will unconsciously come to think that the owner of that face really is blatant. If he sees a certain candidate always represented in the company of some politician whose record is bad he will gradually believe that the two really are in a close community of interest

It may be impossible to pick out any one cartoon or series of cartoons and say flatly that those cartoons elected or defeated a candidate. We can only surmise that they did so We cannot prove, any more than we can say, that a certain advertisement produced specific results. At the same time we know that the advertisement must have produced the results, for the results came on the heels of the advertisement. By the same process of reasoning we know that certain forceful cartoons were printed and that the men they were aimed at were defeated.

Most newspaper editors consider cartoons as invaluable weapons in a campaign. Every national committee of the big parties sends out millions of cartoons through the country, and these cartoons must produce great results. In the present campaign the Republican bureau of publicity is widely distributing cartoons that show Mr. Bryan's lack of enthusiasm in the battle.

A LINK IN THE GIRDLE



IT WAS THIS MONSTER THAT WAS PREYING ON THE SUBSTANCE OF THEIR LIVES

A Romance of the Roadmakers

By SAMUEL MERWIN

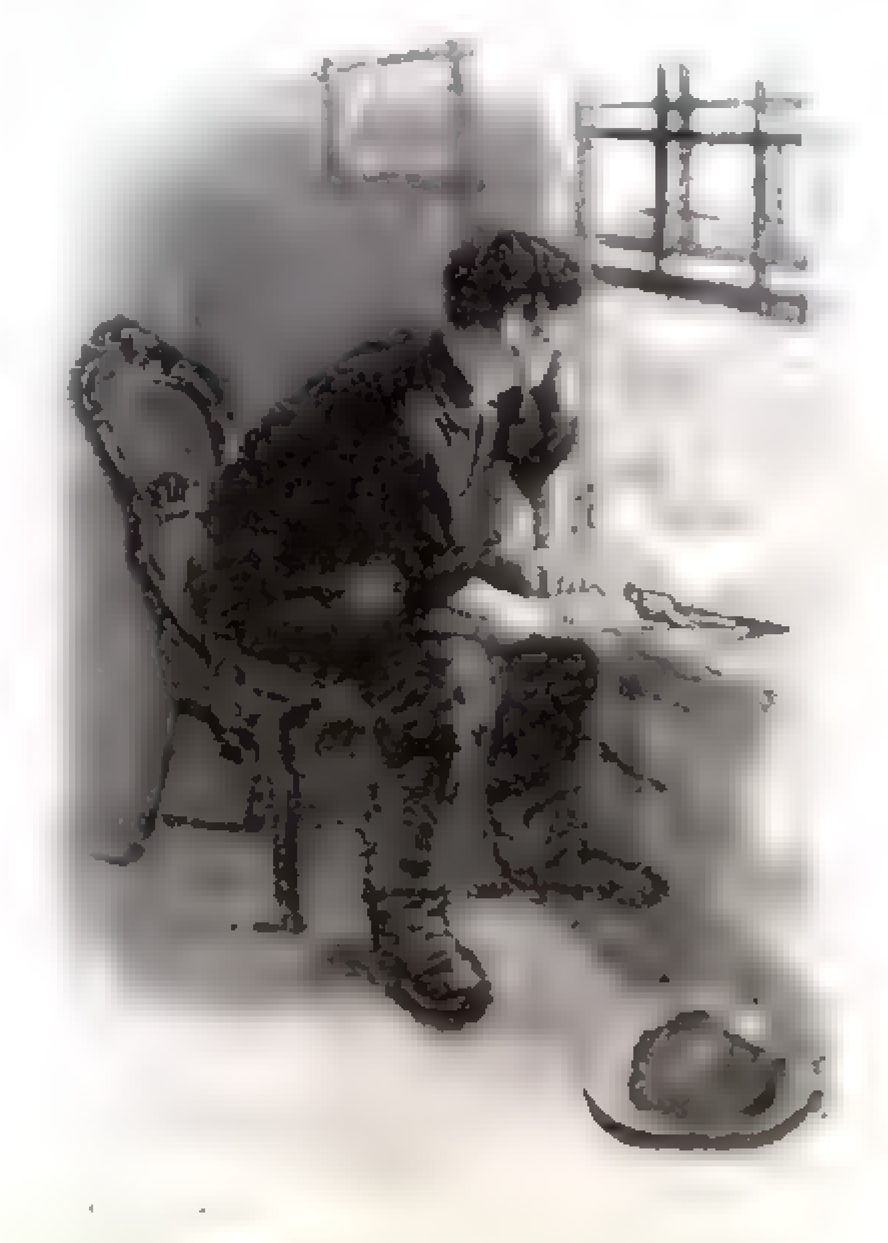
X—THE LA PAZ BRIDGE

IF THE plainsmen had crossed the river a dozen miles lower down they would have had a slightly different though perhaps hardly less interesting story to tell. In that case they would have picked up facts instead of rumors. And these facts bear so directly on the problem Paul Carhart was solving that we shall, perhaps, be permitted to give them here, as simply and briefly as possible.

The valley was a mile wide at this point, bounded by low ridges from which the rocks and sand sloped easily down to the banks of the river. The grade brought the track nearly to the top of the eastern ridge, and would continue it at about the same level on the west over the higher ground to Red Hills. The plans called for an embankment extending several hundred yards at each side, with a long trestle between. The supports of this trestle varied in height from fifty feet near the embankments to 125 feet directly over the river. These supports were of framed timbers, set about 100 feet apart, on masonry foundations; and the track was carried from support to support by Howe trusses of timbers and iron rods. At the centre — or, strictly, nearly two-thirds of the way across the valley — the bridge proper, over the river bed, was constructed: five spans, each about 150 feet in length. Of the six strong supports necessary for these spans, two were based on heavy masonry abutments, four on masonry piers built in the river bed. The embankments were to be the work of the grading squads, pushing ahead of the track; Flint's only concern was with the masonry, timber and iron work.

The building of a wooden trestle such as this could be carried forward with great rapidity. But masonry, where the stones must be quarried and trimmed before they can be transported to the site of the bridge and laid on the pile foundations, called for more time. Flint, therefore, put the trestle-building practically into the hands of his assistant and gave the greater part of his own attention to the business of the bridge. Haddon was young, but the foremen of his several gangs were not, and Flint could rely on them to sustain a relation somewhat similar to that which a veteran sergeant bears toward a young lieutenant in the army. Thus the trestle was already rising across the valley while Flint was working at the very foundations of his bridge.

The ground of the valley, in general, was close to bed rock, and therefore firm. But the sandy river bed, across the 750 feet of its width, was treacherous and uneven. Flint examined it with great care, and found that to all appearances the surveying engineers had chosen the one spot where the underlying rock lay nearest to the surface, and, therefore, made the best foundation for his piers. On general principles he did not enjoy agreeing with surveying engineers, but in this case it could not be avoided. Flint was a man of mixed temperament — conscientious, gifted with a positive genius for his work, and with a mind that on occasion leaped at results — and, perhaps, something of a braggart. He had the cool, desperate courage of the man whose hopes do not reach beyond merely holding death at bay. Consequently few men could work for him without coming almost to worship him. He had none of Paul Carhart's reserve, but was sanguine, even enthusiastic. He could work men amazingly hard because he never spared himself. He was quick, but never hasty. Indeed, haste, in such a matter as the foundations of a bridge which must carry loaded trains at a height of 125 feet, was out of the question. There was no doubt of the security of the abutments. And the piers, excepting the one nearest the western bank, should be firm if laid on piles. But this one western pier gave him trouble enough. Indeed, the night work, coupled with his growing anxiety as day after day slipped out of his grasp, exhausted his slender reserve of vitality, and when the rectangle of stone was just rising above the shallow water his legs buckled under him, and Haddon, marveling at the lightness of the burden, carried him to his cot.



BUT IT WAS POINTING STRAIGHT AT JACK FLAGG'S HEART

It was night in the valley. Flint, a mere shadow of his usual thin self, lay silent. The moonlight, streaming in through the open front of the tent, fell across the form of Haddon, whose cot stood in the opening, and told, a sorry tale. The boy's haggard face bore witness to the weight on his shoulders. His restless turnings and mutterings reacted on the half-consciousness of the sick man and set him tossing. Both were asleep. The grip on self, which made the days endurable, which kept up the fiction that the work was going well and would be done by the twenty-eighth, was relaxed, and their two minds were racing like runaway engines. Outside, in the gentle light, the mile-long trestle stretched across the valley like the skeleton of some prehistoric lizard. It was this monster that was preying on the substance of their lives.

* * *

Antonio, the watchman, sat on the edge of the eastern abutment and dangled his feet. He was so drowsy that he almost stopped rolling cigarettes. He had chosen a comfortable seat, where a pile of timbers afforded a rest for his back. To be sure, there was the possibility of rolling off into the water and sand if he should really fall asleep; but elsewhere he would be exposed to the searching eyes of the foreman, and since the sickness of the señor those eyes had become very searching indeed. He was thinking, in a dreamy way, of what he would do on the Sunday, with his week's pay in his pocket and the village of La Paz but twelve miles away.

Now and again his complacent eyes roved out across the river, which slipped by with such a gentle, swishing murmur. He could look over the tops of the four unfinished piers and the western abutment and see the trestle where it was continued on the farther side. These Americanos, what driving devils they were! And when they had built their railroad, what were they going to do with it? To go fast — Antonio shrugged his shoulders and resumed the cigarettes — it is very well, but to what purpose? When they have rushed madly across the continent what will they find there? Perhaps they will then rush back again. These Americanos!

He let his eyes rest on the row of masonry piers — one, two, three, four of them. What labor they had caused — how the men had sweat and muttered and toiled — how the foremen had cursed! Four solid piers of masonry rising out of the ghostly river. Very strong they must be. In the spring and fall the La Paz was savage; and then it had an ugly way of undermining bridges, as those other foolish Americanos had learned to their cost when they built the wagon bridge at La Paz. One — two — three — great stone piers. He smiled lazily. Four — no, three. Had he said four?

The cigarette dropped from Antonio's nerveless fingers and fell with a sizzling splash into the water below. He drew in an involuntary quick breath, and the smoke in his nostrils got into his throat and made him cough. Then, trembling a little, he rose slowly to his feet and stood staring out there over the serene, dimpling surface of the river. He rubbed his eyes, and stared again. One pier—two piers—three piers—that was all. Where the fourth pier had stood the stream was now gliding unimpeded, bearing off a little whirlpool of bubbles. The fourth pier had been swallowed by the sand. The old river was not yet beaten.

Antonio was frightened. He thought at first of running away from these fate-tempting Americans; but then he would lose his pay and the Sundays at La Paz. He waited a while, for perhaps he was dreaming and would make himself ridiculous. Then, at last, after walking about and trying several points of view, he went to rouse his foreman.

When Haddon got down to the embankment a moment later, in pajamas and unlaced shoes, a little knot of excited, half-dressed men were already there, talking and gesticulating. The hero of the moment was Antonio, who waved his cigarette and explained, in his gentle manner, all that he had seen and much that he had not seen. Some of the men were shuddering, for there was among the more ignorant natives a superstitious veneration for the La Paz, and the thought that this placid stream had just now swallowed tons upon tons of limestone, without leaving the slightest sign of such a performance, was disquieting to men of stronger nerves than the languid Mexicans. Men rubbed their eyes, and looked from the water to the looming trestle, and back to the water again.

Haddon, followed by the foreman, who had wakened him, came leaping down the bank and shouldered through the group.

"Where's the watchman?" he cried.

The workmen fell apart, and twoscore eyes indicated Antonio.

"What is this story?"

Antonio bowed deferentially. But while he was thinking over what he had been saying in order that he might select and group together the isolated facts in a picturesque narrative, Haddon's restless eyes sought the row of piers, and with the glance he understood what had happened. For a moment he stood perplexed, snapping his fingers. He even turned and took a step in the direction of the tent, as if to wake Flint and consult him. Something ought to be done, and at once; but what that something was to be he could not say. Then it occurred to him to pole out to the spot.

He was pushing one of the scows into the water, with the help of the foreman, when a shout arrested his attention. "Mr. Haddon! Mr. Haddon!" He looked up, answering shortly, "Well, what is it?" So many men had collected on the abutment, and so many others were running along the bank, that at first he did not distinguish a gaunt, bare-legged figure, wearing a nightgown that flapped gently in the breeze.

"What is it?" he cried again.

"Come up here a minute, Haddon, will you?" said a thin, familiar voice; and then the young man recognized John Flint. He left the scow where it lay, half-launched, and climbed the bank, too bewildered to realize the situation.

But Flint had overestimated his strength. Before his assistant could reach him he sank, coughing, on a pile of timbers. His desperate efforts to command himself were pitiful. Haddon, watching him, forgot the disaster on the river, and bent forward to carry the wasted figure back to the tent, muttering, "This won't do, Mr. Flint—this won't do!"

"Wait a minute, there," were the first words Flint managed to get out. "Don't be a fool. I'll get my breath in a minute. I'm a little wobbly on my pins, that's all."

"Don't try to talk, Mr. Flint. I'll help you back."

"You won't do any such thing. Don't talk nonsense—listen to what I tell you. We know—we know now that piles ——"

He was seized with another fit of coughing. He tried to sit up, but fell back against the timbers, and held the flap of his nightgown to his mouth. When at last he removed it there was blood on it.

At this, Haddon swiftly raised him by shoulders and knees and carried him up the slope; the crowd of foremen and carpenters, teamsters, quarrymen and laborers soberly giving way before them. Once on his cot, Flint sank into a languor.

Haddon sat by him for upward of an hour before it occurred to him that the work was of greater importance even than its director. There seemed nothing for it but to make Flint as comfortable as might be and go back to the job, though as to what he should do when there Haddon was hazy. For one thing, he could take soundings, and, perhaps, learn how far the pier had sunk.

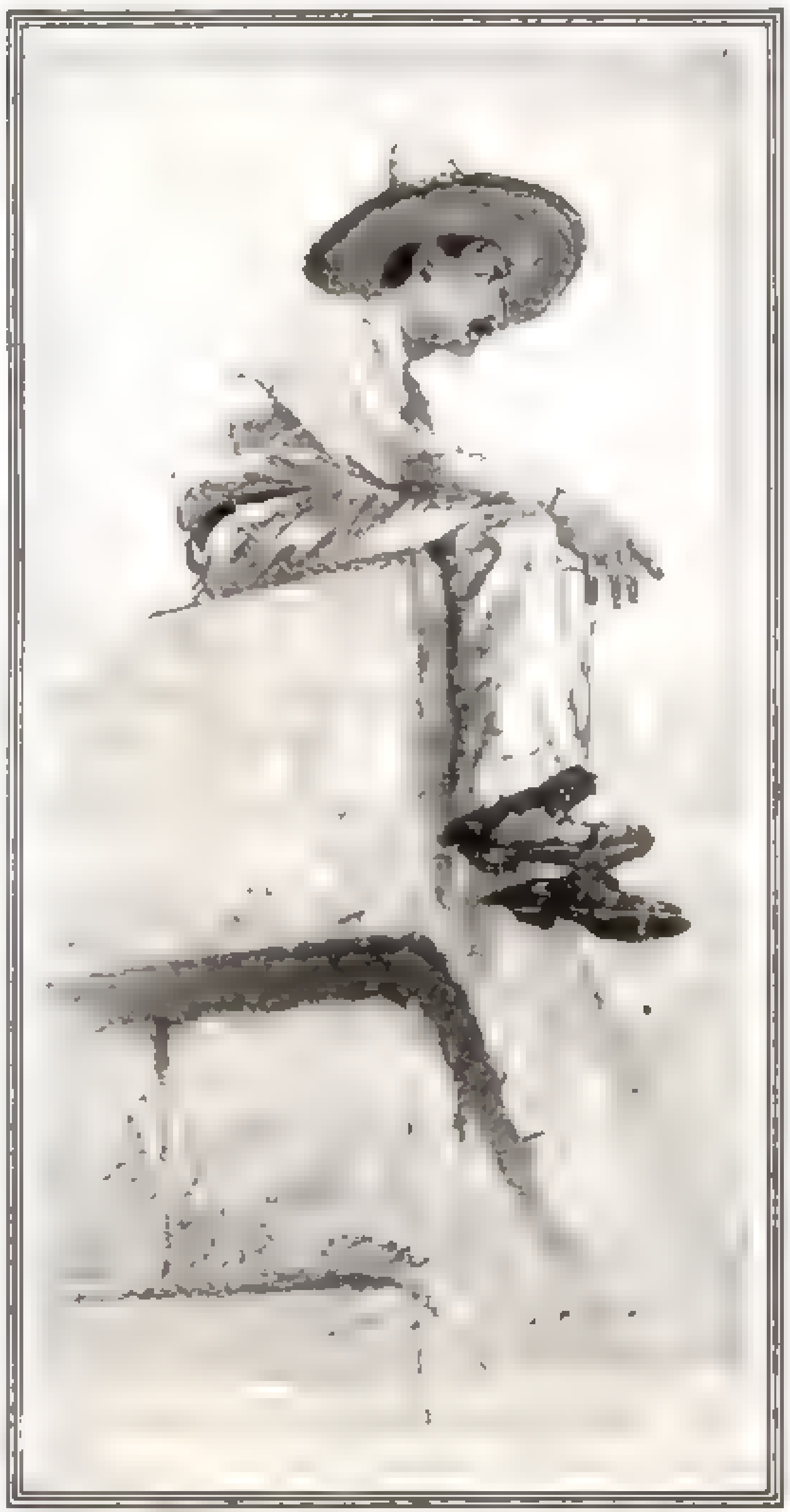
For two days, then, the young man did nothing but hover over the lost pier in a boat, while one perplexed foreman tried to get the pile-driver back into commission, and another kept the quarrymen aimlessly getting out stone. Flint was unconscious most of the time. The men, excepting the better class of masons and carpenters, were idle, and were getting ugly; and Haddon could not handle them. Late in the afternoon the foreman of the pile-driver crew sought Haddon.

"Have you heard what the boys are saying?" said he.

Haddon had heard nothing.

"You knew about the dance to-night, didn't you?"

"No. Where?"



THE CIGARETTE DROPPED FROM ANTONIO'S NERVELESS FINGERS AND FELL WITH A SIZZLING SPLASH INTO THE WATER BELOW

"Over at La Paz. The laborers all say they are going."

"Well, let 'em go."

The foreman hesitated. "I gather from what I hear that they mean to take the mules and wagons and drive over."

Haddon looked thoughtful. "Are you sure you got that straight?"

"Rather."

Haddon looked about him. The mules, excepting the few in use at the quarry, were tethered to a long rope under a completed portion of the trestle; and Haddon observed upward of fifty laborers grouped near them, whispering together.

"It's most time for them to get about it if they're going to," added the foreman.

Haddon looked at his watch: it was after five o'clock. "How many of these men can we depend on?" he asked.

"Not any of 'em—the laborers, that is. The boys that are working up at the quarry will behave themselves, unless they get stampeded. If they once saw these laborers riding off with a whoop-la! I wouldn't answer for any of them."

"What's the matter with them, anyway?" cried Haddon impatiently.

The foreman, a big, experienced workman, looked down at his young chief. "Do you want me to tell you?" he said.

"Yes, speak out."

"Well, this is about the facts of the business. These boys need a firm hand. They know the boss is sick, and they aren't afraid of him any more. They've seen the bridge go to smash, and they see plain enough that you don't know what to do next, Mr. Haddon. And I'll tell you honest, if you don't do something pretty quick to show 'em you mean business I won't answer for what may happen."

Haddon bit his lip. He was thinking of the safe, full of bills and silver, in the headquarters tent. It was guarded at the moment by a carpenter who had been with John Flint for years; but Haddon, in this abrupt realization of his case, grew suspicious even of old Potter. He glanced again toward the laborers, and saw that their number had grown.

"Look here!" he said, suddenly turning to the foreman. "altogether there is about a dozen of you that I can trust."

"Just about."

"All right. You go up to the quarry—quick, bring that dozen back with you, divide the mules and horses up into strings and lead them up to that bit of high, rocky ground behind Mr. Flint's tent. When you get them there I'll tell you what I want you to do next."

The foreman, with a look of relief, hurried away, and Haddon walked over to the headquarters tent and got out a dozen rifles and twice as many revolvers. The rifles, with the assistance of Potter, he stacked on the rocks behind the tent. His movements were plainly in sight from the trestle; the laborers watched him in sullen surprise.

The foreman's dozen turned out to be fully thirty active fellows, who made short work of getting the horses and mules up to the new position. When the last animal had been tethered Haddon called the men together and distributed the weapons. "And now, boys," he said, "if a mule is taken off this hill to-night I will hold you responsible. Spread out so that you can watch every side. That's all I have to say to you."

The thing was not managed quite as an older man might have done it, but it was effective. The display of weapons, while it angered the bolder spirits among the laborers, checked any outbreak. The muttering groups broke up almost in silence, and soon a straggling line could be seen making off on foot through the sand in the direction of La Paz.

. . . .

While these things were going on Paul Carhart was riding westward at a hot gallop. It was shortly after sunset when he reined up on the crest of the eastern ridge and looked out over the La Paz. The barren valley was flooded with light. The yellow slopes were delicately tinted rose and violet, the rock pillars stood out black and sharply defined, the western hills formed a royal purple barrier to the streams of color; and through this glowing scene extended the square-jointed, hundred-legged trestle, unmistakably the work of man where all else was from another hand. Never in the progress of this undertaking which we have been following across the plains had the contrast been so marked between the patient beauty of the old land and the uncompromising ugliness of the structure which Paul Carhart was carrying into and through it. And yet the chief—an intelligent, educated man, not wanting in feeling for the finer side of life—though he took in the wonders of the sunset, looked last and longest at the trestle and the uncompleted bridge. Then he rode down, glancing, in his quizzical way, at the huddled mules on the knoll and the circle of armed men.

The pile-driver foreman recognized him, and walked down to meet him.

"How are you?" said Carhart. "What are you doing up there?"

"You see," began the foreman, with some pride, "the boys were talking of sneaking off the mules to get up to the dance at La Paz, but I got on to it, and I just went to young Haddon and told him ——"

"Where is Mr. Haddon?"

"—— told him—I—he's sitting in there with Mr. Flint."

Carhart rode forward, dismounted, and entered the tent. At sight of him Haddon sprang up with an exclamation; and the hand he impulsively extended trembled noticeably.

"How is John?" said the chief.

"Low—very low. He won't know you. I'm afraid he is most flickered out."

"Step outside, then, and tell me how we stand."

A few nervous sentences from Haddon, a rapid survey of the scene, and Carhart was informed. "Well," he said, "Caissons are out of the question, and so are screw piles. How is your quarry—plenty of that limestone in it?"

"Oh, yes—plenty of it."

"That's first rate. Our game, then, is to build up a solid pyramid of broken stone on the bed rock. That will give us a foundation that will hold up any pier we could put there. It will be something of a job. For a while now we will think of nothing but blasting out stone, carrying it to the river, and dumping it. That vein of limestone runs along the hill quite a way, doesn't it?"

"Oh, yes. We've only opened up a small part of it."

"We'll begin to-night, then, blasting all along the line. Your men needn't bother about the shape or size—the main thing is to get it out fast. You take charge of the quarry end of it, and remember that there is no immediate danger that you will get out too much stone. How many men are left here?"

"Only thirty or forty."

Carhart frowned.

"But I can send to La Paz and get the laborers back here in a few hours," continued Haddon.

"No, don't do that. You'd better ignore those men. Tell these fellows who stood by you that their wages are raised fifty per cent. all round, beginning this morning, and that we expect them to put in their best licks to help us through. What we need now is a pull all together. When your laborers begin coming back to-morrow take them on, but don't say a word about pay. Now, suppose we get down to business."

And thus, some fifteen minutes after he had ridden down into the valley, Paul Carhart had organized the job on a new basis. Another fifteen minutes and work was under way.

From five o'clock until noon the following morning the laborers came straggling in. Before midafternoon the last man of them had caught the step and was working at the double-quick. Fear of the boss and rumors of big pay wiped out their discontent. But on Saturday there was a surprise in camp.

The laborers had been paid the same here as on the track, a dollar and a half. It happened that the first men to receive their envelopes were of the few who had kept away from the dance to guard the mules, and these were paid at the new rate, two dollars and a quarter. Then a line of the revolters filed past Haddon's little window, and found, to their astonishment, that the old rate, for them, still held. They gathered together with many exclamations of anger; and, finally, when the paying was over, a number of the ringleaders returned to the window and protested.

But Haddon had his instructions. "Go to Mr. Carhart," was all they could get out of him.

They went to Mr. Carhart, and were handled without gloves. "Well," said the chief, "what do you want?"

"There's been a mistake in the pay envelopes," said one. "There's a lot of us that didn't get the pay you're giving now. Mr. Haddon said to come——"

But Carhart cut him off. "And you come whining to me, do you!" he cried. "You boys think you can try to run my mules off the job to get to one of your drunken dances; you make it necessary for my men to stand you off with rifles, you come walking in here half a day late for your work—and now you think you are entitled to the same pay as the men who stayed here and guarded my property, and put in that night getting out stone! Why, it's lucky for you that I took you back at all."

"Oh, I guess you'd have to take us back, all right," muttered the spokesman.

Carhart caught the remark, looked sharply at the speaker, then called out: "Haddon!"

"Yes, Mr. Carhart."

"You see this man?"

"Yes. Myers, his name is."

"Very well. See that he doesn't come on the job again—not for a minute. We're through with him." He wheeled around. "As for the rest of you, I want you to make up your minds right now what you are going to do. I have no time to waste on grumblers. If you want more pay there is just one way to get it—show me what you are good for. But if my terms don't suit you, get off the job, and do it quick."

There was a good deal of talk in the quarters later that night, and some excitement; but the laborers did not leave. In the morning they were all in line for their tools.

In the present case Carhart purposed no showy trick of engineering, such as one occasionally reads about in the Sunday papers. The main difficulty in laying a stone foundation for the pier was in the shortness of the time. An immense quantity of stone was needed, especially in the wide base of the pyramid; and in handling his material Carhart relied on plain, hard work. They were at it day and night. Laborers came drifting in from surprising distances, attracted by the pay; and, finding that the food was good, and that the bosses worked as hard as anybody, they stayed.

One morning Flint quietly appeared on the job, very thin and white, but otherwise much as usual; and after that he improved so rapidly that Carhart was able to ride back to the track. For John Flint was no nearer death than he had been any time these five years. Indeed, he was inclined, when he thought about himself at all, to fancy these occasional periods of low vitality more or less necessary to him. Without them even he might have settled gradually back into chronic invalidism, whereas an occasional sharp attack served to remind him that his time was limited and that he had determined to make these last years count.

The news Carhart brought back to the grade so stimulated his assistants that they were ripe for attempting the impossible. There had been doubts whether they could reach the river by the twenty-eighth; but just to scatter such doubts they all threw on a few more pounds of steam. As a result, the afternoon of the twenty-seventh saw them at the trestle. And the bridge builders were so put to it that the last few spikes of the west span went home in a mad scramble; for the track was creeping out on the bridge, and the men of the iron squad were threatening to come out and finish the thing themselves.

XI—WHAT TOOK PLACE AT RED HILLS

THE last spike in the Western extension of the Central of Texas was driven by no less a personage than President Chambers himself. In the circle of well-dressed men about him stood President Porter, of the Chicago and Southern California, and a score of minor chiefs of the two lines, in addition to our six engineers. The thirty miles of track between the La Paz and Red Hills was laid, without unusual incident, in thirteen days—a brilliant finish to what had been a record-breaking performance. And as the La Paz bridge was crossed in advance of the schedule, these final ceremonies were held the morning of the eleventh of August. This was ahead of the schedule, too—nearly three weeks ahead—but there were two reasons why Carhart had chosen not to relax his pace. The more important was the $2000 to be added to the price for every day gained, making a total of $40,000 above the contract price; the lesser was a justifiable desire to do something new in railroad building. And it may be that still another reason had contributed to the situation. Paul Carhart was a fair-minded man, and his ability to see more sides than his own in a discussion was a strong feature in his strong character; but the lecture which President Chambers had read to him had, in a small way, rankled. It had been a pleasure to show Chambers something of what he could do when roused. But at the midday dinner which followed the spike-driving Carhart's quiet face gave no hint of such feeling. He received the president's hearty praise as he had received his censure, courteously intrenched behind an impregnable wall of reserve.

After the dinner the party broke up. Flint, Haddon and Old Van went West with the Chicago and Southern California officials. The others, who were to start eastward in the late evening, rode off for a shoot on the plains. And it fell out that Carhart and Young Van, who had, from different motives, declined the ride, were left together at the hotel.

"What are you going to do now, Gus?" asked the chief.

"I'm going out and get roaring drunk. Want to come?"

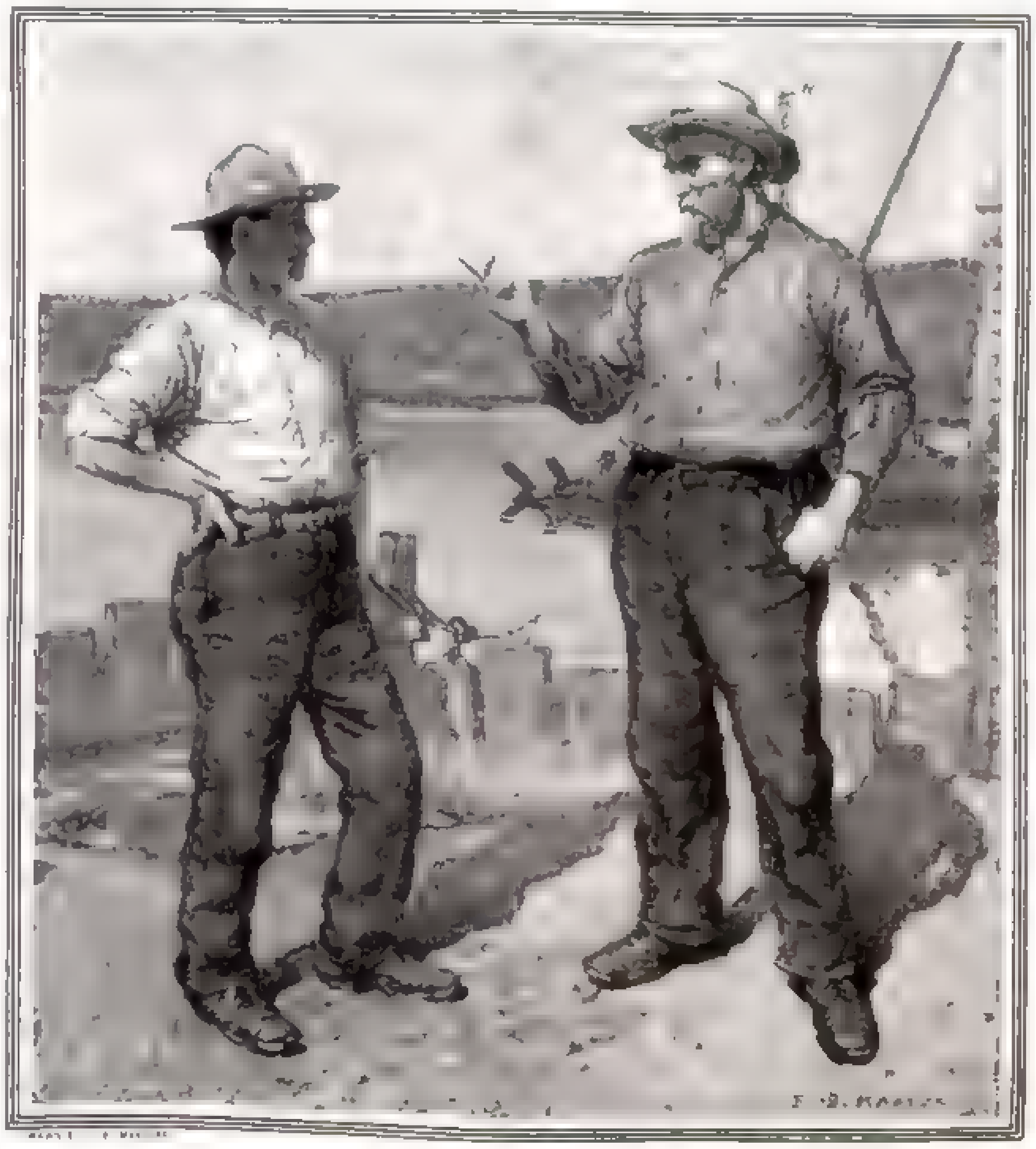
Carhart glanced up, surprised, as he often was, by the odd turns in the character of his assistant. He had observed that Young Van had been drawing heavily on his nervous strength during these last weeks, but he was not prepared for the drawn, twitching face of the young man before him. "No," he replied, "I don't believe I will, thanks. I meant to ask what work you plan to take up next?"

"Nothing at all."

"Nothing—why so?"

"That is easy to answer." Young Van laughed bitterly. "I have no offers."

"I'm surprised at that."



"AND I'LL TELL YOU HONEST, IF YOU DON'T DO SOMETHING PRETTY QUICK TO SHOW 'EM YOU MEAN BUSINESS I WON'T ANSWER FOR WHAT MAY HAPPEN"

"You don't really mean that, Mr. Carhart?"

"Certainly I do."

"Well, it's more than I can say. If a man came along and offered me a good position I should feel that I ought to decline it."

"Why?" Carhart was genuinely interested.

"Why?" Young Van rose and stood looking gloomily down at his chief. "That's a funny question for you to ask. You've been watching my work for these months, and you've seen me developing new limitations in every possible direction. Altogether, I've discovered about the choicest crop of limitations any man ever owned up to. When I started out I thought I might some day become an engineer. But if this job has taught me anything it has taught me that I'm the emptiest ass that ever tried to lay two rails end to end in a reasonably straight line." The tremulous quality of his voice told Carhart how deeply the boy had taken his duties to heart.

"I've been thinking to-day that the best thing I can do will be to rent a few acres somewhere out on Long Island and set up to raise chickens for the New York market: broilers, and maybe squabs—they say there is money in squabs. I'd probably find I couldn't even do that, but it would be exciting for a while."

"Let's get out and tramp around a little, Gus," was Carhart's reply. "That will do you as much good as a drunk."

Young Van flushed at this, but followed out to the long street along which straggled the buildings that made up the settlement. These buildings were mostly saloons, each with its crop of plainsmen, cowboys, laborers and outcasts standing, sitting or sprawling before the door. The day was hot with the dry heat of August, from which even the memory of moisture had long ago been sucked out. The dust rose at every step and settled on skin and clothing. Now and then a lounging figure rose and moved languidly in through a saloon door. Almost the only other movement to be seen was the heat vibration of the atmosphere. The only sound, beyond a drawled remark now and then, and the clink of glasses, was the tinkle of a crazy piano down the street. But the bronzed, sinewy engineers, who had for these three months known no other atmosphere, stepped off in a swinging stride, and soon were past the end of the street and out in the open. Carhart himself was not above a sense of elation, and he fell into reminiscence.

"There is only one thing I have regretted, Gus," he said. "If I could have got hold of a big Italian I know of, with one hundred and fifty of his men, this dinner would have taken place two or three days ago."

"I didn't suppose that the work could have gone much faster," replied the younger man moodily.

"Yes, we might have saved that much time easily in the cuts."

"Working by hand?"

"Yes. My experience with this chap was up in New Jersey. The firm I was working for at the time was developing a big ice business up in the lakes in the northern part of the State. It was necessary to lay several short lines of track to connect the different ice-houses with the main line, and I was given charge of it. I got my laborers—several hundred of them—from an Italian padrone in New York City. Neither myself nor my assistants spoke their language, of course, and, as it turned out, we didn't think in their language either, for after two or three days they all walked out—to a man. I could do nothing with them. So I rang up the padrone and told him he would have to furnish a better lot than that. 'But,' said he, 'I can't let you have any more men.' I asked him why not. 'Because you don't know how to handle them.' That was a surprising sort of an answer, but I needed the laborers and I kept at him. Finally he said, 'I'll tell you what I will do. I will send you the men, but you must let me send a foreman with them, and you must agree to give all your instructions through that foreman.' 'All right,' I replied, 'send them along. If they do the work I won't bother them.'

"The next day, when I was at the office in Newark, one of my assistants called me up and told me it would be worth my while to come right out on the work. When I reached there he met me, and took me down the track to a deep cut where the force was at work. The laborers were placed just as I have placed our men lately, packed close together on terraces; and after I had watched for a moment it dawned on me that I had never seen Italians work so fast as those were working. 'How did you do it?' I asked. The assistant grinned, and advised me to watch the man at the top, and then I saw that a giant of an Italian was standing on the hill above the top terrace, where he could look down at the rows of laborers. He wore a long ulster, and kept his hands in his pockets.

"Pretty soon a laborer down on the lowest terrace rested his pick against his knees and stood up to stretch. 'Watch now!' whispered my assistant. I looked up at the big man just in time to see him draw a stone out of his pocket—no pebble, mind you, but a jagged piece of road ballast—and throw it right at that laborer's head. The fellow simply dodged it, seized his pick, and went to work harder than ever; and not another man stopped even long enough to draw a good breath during the twenty minutes I stood there. Then the whistle blew, and as I was curious to see what would happen I waited."

"What did happen?" asked Young Van.

(Continued on Page 23)

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A Good Time Coming

THERE seems to be a good deal of nervousness as to whether we are going to have good times or bad; and the matter has a certain importance, but not enough importance to disquiet any man of the right sort.

The difference between good times and bad is profoundly serious only for those who build carelessly, as if summer were the only season and stormy weather only a remote possibility instead of assured certainty. Good times or bad, the man who has built well, the man who works intelligently and faithfully, will find a roof over his head, clothing on his back and something in the cupboard. And with those things secure the rest is incidental

The Ten Talents

WHEN a distinguished man—a Senator Vest or a Senator Hoar—lives and dies poor the obituary notices laud his lack of wealth as at once proof of his superiority and proof of his self-sacrifice. Is not this an exaggeration of what should rightly be looked on as an incident?

In theory, certainly, and to a far greater extent than the cynics imagine, in practice also, men devote their lives to the employment of the talents Nature has given them in unselfish service. And those talents differ widely in different men. Whether they make large sums of money or not ought to be unimportant. The only point worth considering is, what were the results to mankind from this man's commercial talent, that man's talent for statecraft. The man who builds up a great industry deserves well of his fellowmen no less than he who furthers a great cause. In the one case wealth was a necessity, and was the instrument to the talent; in the other case wealth would have been a handicap.

The People Around Us

BOSTON is the nation's hub; New York its hubbub—and the visitor in "myriad-footed Manhattan" wonders how the people can live normal lives amid the whirl and the clatter. But many of them do, and do it well. Here is Dr. John B. Rich, the oldest native-born New Yorker, giving his experience in an interview. He is in his ninety-fourth year; he says he is younger than many men forty years his junior; he is deep in the writing of a big book, the history of the entire muscular structure of the human body; he is president of the American Microscopical Society and of the Hundred Years Club, and he confesses to a happy life which still looks forward to larger satisfactions.

What is his secret? Cheerfulness in part. Optimism in large measure. And—"whenever I speak to people of how to grow old gracefully," he says, "the chief lesson I try to teach them is the necessity of the cultivation of companionableness. 'Cultivate the companionship of others, especially of the young,' I tell them, 'for so long as a man is companionable to the young he can never be old himself.' Few persons think of this.'

It seems trite, perhaps, but when it comes as a life experience of a young old man of ninety-four it has all the force of an anniversary sermon. And in good truth it is the sort of gospel that this age very acutely needs. Ask the average man why he dreads living beyond fourscore, and he will reply that he fears the loneliness of it. He may be piling up money to keep him from the poorhouse, but he does not take the time to invest in companionships that will keep him from social poverty.

We go rapidly these days. We put up the newspaper before our faces instead of seeking conversation with our fellow-passengers. We neglect to return the call of our neighbor; we have no time to stop to laugh with the children; we let our ambitions monopolize us—and too late we find that we have made an isolation and called it success

Whole towns dry up socially by lack of companionableness, and their material interests as well as their morals suffer. The evil is the curse of cities—and it is a joyful fact that the oldest native of the largest and noisiest place in America is able to give the word that his fellow-beings need. It is as pretty a paradox as the fact that the current literature on the simple life emanates from Paris.

To-day's Work by To-day's Light

THE more we study Europe the more we find for congratulating ourselves that we have no "traditions." The man or the business or the institution or the nation that is guided by the "dead hand" is being guided by the tomb. To have "traditions" is to have the dead hand heavily upon one. Not to have traditions is to be free to do the right and the wise as they appear in the clear light of the present hour—and the light grows clearer every hour

Always suspect the appeal based upon "traditions." It may be sound—and not everything that they used to do was done wrong or badly. But if it is sound it is sound in spite of, not because of, tradition. The reason our Constitution endures so grandly is because it does not bind us to act in certain ways, but because it leaves us free to shape our actions to the changes of circumstances. Hamilton, with his passion for "tradition," thought it was a miserable thing on that account. The event has proved that what he regarded as its weakness was its strength.

When a Man Marries

THERE be dreamers even in these sleepless times! And the joy of it is that the best dreamers are those who preach the practical. A poet may live a spell in his idle fancies, but he is a transient boarder compared with the soberminded person who measures out plans for the banishment of family worries and works solemnly in the conviction that he is going to make all men and women sensible.

Thus we are reminded of two pet ambitions of social reform, and, in the general topsyturviness of things as they should be and things as they are, we take the second first: the division of the family income. It is the familiar topic of a thousand woman's pages. The wife should have a fixed sum each week; the sons and daughters should receive stated allowances as regularly as the head of the family draws the salary. Every part of the scheme is figured out with mathematical accuracy, and no one can deny either its arithmetic or its logic. It is the evident thing, the plain plan of wisdom, the unescapable teaching of common-sense. But—people will get sick, new babies will come, doctors will charge fees, health trips must be made, relatives need to be helped, expenses will vary, and the income goes in lumps instead of regular fractions distributed according to definite and changeless rules.

Then the other point which comes before marriage—the question of an adequate income for the young people who want to embark upon the matrimonial sea without prepaid tickets. Ever since the dawn wise men and women have decried the follies of moneyless love. A literature of proverbs has been built upon it. Advice and experience have poured forth immeasurable warnings. In countries where government is monarchical the authorities take a hand in Germany to-day the Emperor's men must have permission before they can marry. Now in our own fair land comes General Corbin with the grave statement that the American army is overmarried and that something should be done to restrain young officers on small pay from contracting life obligations calling for large expenditures. It is in no snobbish spirit that he makes his report, although the newspapers have been rather hard on him; he is evidently in earnest—and his arguments are incontrovertible.

Just there is the supreme difficulty. Love, the rascal, knows neither argument, logic, arithmetic nor bookkeeping. He is the spendthrift who is always overdrawing his bank account. He is the only true optimist. He believes he can find a way through any wilderness. So he is willing to take all the chances—to plunge against the odds, to speculate on the narrowest margins, to march blindly into the future without caring for the lamp of experience or any of the lights of the past. And if he be chided his reply is that it has been his way since the ringing of the first wedding-bells.

General Corbin has spoken bravely, and he means well, but the same power that laughs at locksmiths will not be dismayed by army orders.

The Hopeless Minority

IT IS curious and even astonishing to observe how many of those whose interests are all and vitally in maintaining the idea that might is not the basis of right constantly act as if it were. In a hopeless minority, and in a country which has universal suffrage unshakably established, they trample upon the rights of others as if they were themselves an absolutely secure majority, in not the slightest danger of a day of reckoning and retaliation

We see them organize themselves as capitalistic monopolies and rob the helpless consumer. We see them organize themselves as labor monopolies and forcibly deny the right of the individual to labor. Most preposterous of all, while in the very midst of these oppressions, they, without pausing, shriek against others who are putting into practice the very ideas which they themselves have taught and are teaching by example; and, most dangerous of all, they employ various kinds of intimidation and chicane to coerce public officials into winking at or assisting in their anarchistic performances.

Let not the rich monopolist think the lawless skilled laborer is the one who will lose most by this short-sighted game of stab and grab. On the other hand, let not the lawless skilled laborer delude himself that the unscrupulous capitalist is the worse offender and will be the greater sufferer. Each has everything to lose—and the size of the "everything" is relatively unimportant.

The Napoleonic Parallel

THE experts and critics who are pouring out advice to Japan and Russia now warn Japan that she must be careful not to be made drunk by victory and go too far. The favorite point to this warning is the "historical parallel" of Napoleon's campaign against the Russian blizzards.

Unfortunately, "historical parallels" exist only in the imaginations of those who either know little history or suppress their knowledge for the sake of rhetorical effect. And in this particular instance all the force there is in the remote resemblance between the Napoleonic war and the present war bears upon Russia herself. Japan is next door to the regions her armies and navies now control; Russia is three thousand desert miles away. Those vast Siberian distances which make it almost impossible for Russia to conquer make it equally difficult for Japan to be tempted into trying completely to abase her foe.

A Bird's-eye View

EACH of us is so intent upon what is going on immediately around him that none has much more sense of proportion than a man busy with a swarm of hornets. Still, there are a few things that loom large in the horizon even for the hasty glance round. For instance:

It is harder to-day to get a living by work than ever before.

Never was life so comfortable and so varied for so many.

In the mass of mankind the former all but universal spirit of plodding hopelessness has been superseded by a spirit of hopeful discontent.

The only person who is validly disquieted by these new conditions is he who is enjoying something to which in the bottom of his heart he knows he has no right.

The War Cost

IN GERMANY there is a good deal of grumbling over the fact that the Imperial Government, which has never had a real war, has managed to pile up for military and naval armament a debt of $700,000,000. As Edmund Burke said, "the public is always poor." In Germany the masses are particularly poor—and this imperial debt, plus the enormous State debts, also for wars past and wars anticipated, plus the annual cost of army and navy to the Empire and its States, explain why they are so poor.

But what would the Germans think if they knew about us? Isolated though we are, we spend more than Germany or any other State upon our war establishment—about $200,000,000 a year; also, we pay $150,000,000 a year in pensions, and the interest on our public debt, wholly a wise debt, is nearly $30,000,000 a year. Of the eighteen billions our national Administration has spent since it was set up in 1789, just under eleven billions have gone for war and pensions

The military and naval establishments of civilization directly withdraw between three and four million men from production, and cost upward of $1,500,000,000 a year. This makes no account of the largest items—the costly agitations and only too frequent calamities caused by the habit statesmen and rulers have of shaking the "mailed fist" at each other.

THE WOOLLERTON BOY

By EVELYN SHARP

"I ADMIT," said Nina, "that Dorcas has limitations. But you shouldn't judge her by an omelette. You should never judge any cook by omelettes."

"My dear child," said her brother with gentle superiority, "she can't cook anything at all. If you were a man you'd know."

"Well, you see, she isn't a cook; technically, she is only a general. If you were *not* a man, you'd know," answered Nina, and laughed softly to herself. She had all the ordinary virtues that go to make a sister, and Kit's brotherly complaints rarely disturbed her.

"The fact is," continued Nina, "Dorcas is in love with the porter."

Domestic details as a rule were treated by her brother with a profound indifference, but he surprised her by taking a sudden interest in this one. "How do you know?" he asked.

"Omelettes," said Nina, with a brevity that was partly owing to the darning-needle being between her teeth as she spoke. "Also the porridge this morning, and the letters she forgot to post last night, and your hot water that was cold. And the kitchen range is always going wrong, and she says no one can put it right except the porter. It's rather a bother, I think."

Kit solemnly took up the attitude of the tolerant male, and said something about women being hard on their sex that Nina seemed to have heard before. "Supposing you were in love yourself," he went on, only to be cut short by a laugh from Nina.

"That's not very likely," she observed, and bent rather closely over the football stocking. Kit looked at her gravely, and concentrated his sympathy for frail, suffering woman in general upon her.

"I shouldn't worry about it if I were you," he said. "Lots of awfully jolly girls quite as old as you seem to get on all right without being married. Look at Elsie Mills, for instance——"

He was interrupted again, this time by the football stocking which Nina indignantly threw across at him. It was one thing to depreciate herself, but quite another to endure the same treatment from her brother. "Any one would think I was thirty!" she exclaimed.

"Well, you are twenty-six, aren't you?" said Kit blandly. In that small household of three, where Nina was the elder by two whole years, there was some excuse, perhaps, for considering twenty-six the beginning of age.

Nina thrust her hand into the second football stocking and met this last insult with silence. Contradiction was the only weapon she knew, and when Kit kept to facts contradiction was out of the question. Kit, however, had no idea that her silence was not accidental, and when he spoke again it was with an entire forgetfulness of what they had just been saying.

"I saw Woollerton to-day," he remarked. "He asked me to look him up this evening, so I think I'll be trotting around."

"Woollerton?" echoed Nina. "Why, that's the little worm who took me in at the Marsons' dinner-party!"

It was Kit's turn to look injured. "We are evidently not referring to the same man," he said with dignity. "You're probably thinking of one of your clever friends."

"No, I'm not," answered Nina. "You mean the tall, thin, fair boy, with very shiny, very blue eyes, don't you? I only thought he was a worm because he was so anxious to do the right thing, and I always hate people who are anxious to do the right thing. He seemed to think it mattered whether you mixed up your forks or not; and he looked quite sorry for me when I told him I always mixed up my forks at dinner-parties and that I didn't think it mattered a bit. I didn't like him at all, but perhaps I was prejudiced on account of the forks. He's such a weak-looking creature, too."

"That's where you women are superficial," complained Kit. "You never look for essentials. The poor fellow can't help being delicate."

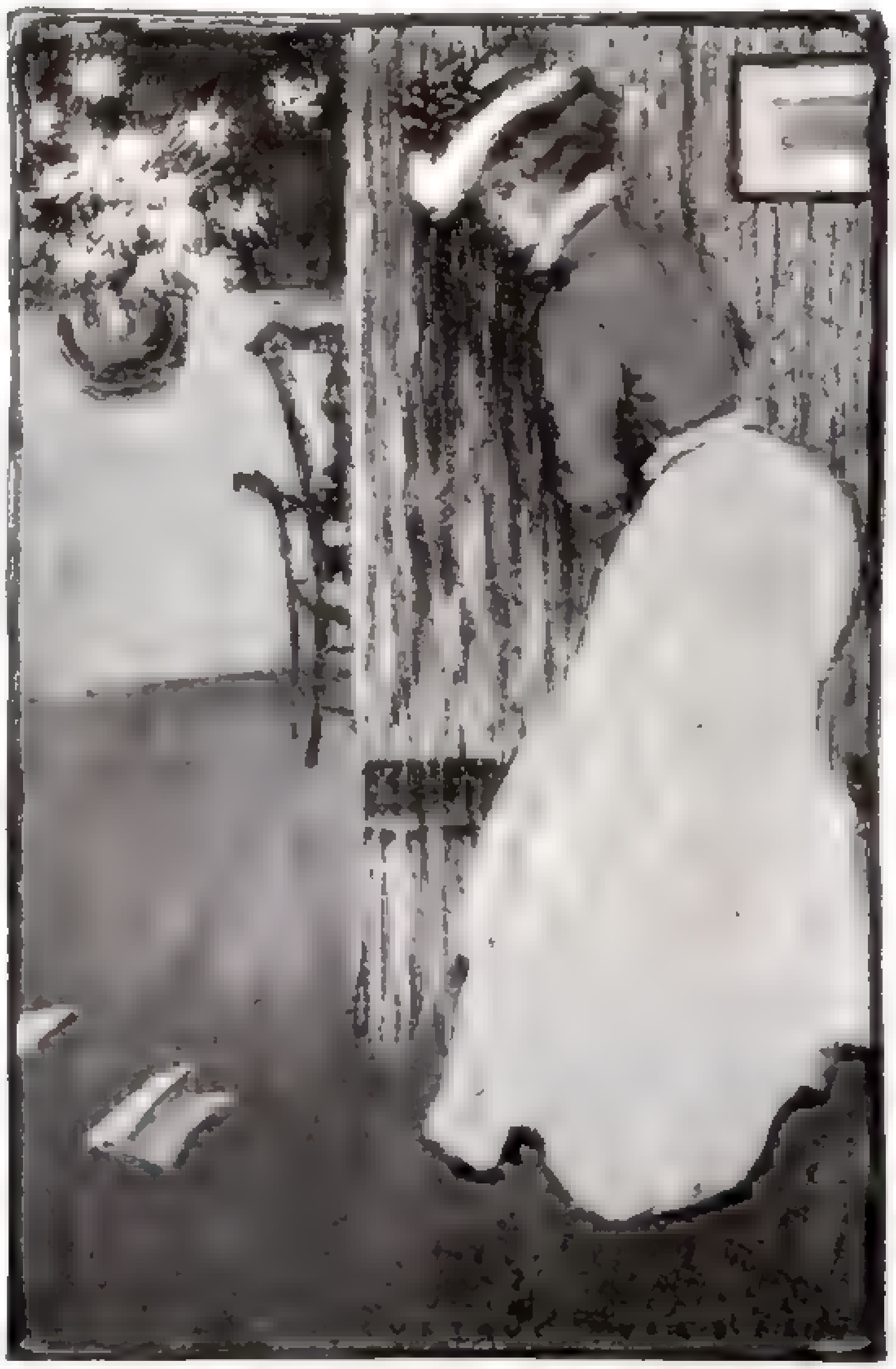
"Oh, no," said Nina cheerfully; "I've been told there's consumption in the family."

"Really, Nina, you have a talent for getting hold of false information," cried Kit, looking distinctly ruffled. "Tom has been delicate all his life, but there's nothing whatever the matter with the family. Consumption, indeed!"

From long experience Nina had learned to attach certain significations to certain intonations of her brother's voice, and she looked up at him sharply when he finished speaking. Kit avoided her glance and whistled.

"What sort of family has he got?" she asked carelessly.

"Usual father and mother," answered Kit, also carelessly. Then he paused and built up the fire elaborately with tiny pieces of coal and cinder. "Nice little sister, rather," he added presently, and smiled at the tongs.



"I SUPPOSE HE THINKS HE HAS GOT TO BE FRIENDLY TO ME JUST BECAUSE KIT IS GOING TO MARRY HIS SISTER"

"Ah," said Nina, and sighed, but so softly that he could not have heard her. "Pretty?" she continued with an effort.

Kit nodded. His vocabulary was never large, but just then it lacked the *mot juste* most emphatically. "She's great," he said at last.

Nina darned furiously. Something in the boy's voice had made a haze come over the football stocking, and the needle had suddenly grown luminous. She could not trust herself to speak just then, and Kit went on uninterrupted.

"You never saw such hair," he said with enthusiasm. "It's like chunks of red copper. I'm fairly gone on that hair, I can tell you!"

"You needn't tell me," smiled Nina, who had made an effort and recovered her balance. "What else are you gone on besides the hair?"

Kit responded readily to the interest in her voice. "I'm just mad about her!" he said. "She's the finest little girl you'd find anywhere, if you looked till eternity. She never shows off, and she sees what a fellow is driving at without pretending not to, and she doesn't want to be independent."

"Perhaps she hasn't got to be," remarked Nina, a little resentfully. Kit noticed the words but not the tone.

"No, she hasn't; that's the worst of it," he sighed. "But perhaps, when I get that secretaryship, the old father will listen to me. Betty seems to think so."

He knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and Nina fetched his coat from the hall.

"We'll ask them around some time, shall we?" she suggested. Remembering her antipathy to the delicate brother, she thought that her proposal showed real nobility of character. It was rather a shock to her that Kit should evidently be of quite another opinion.

"Better wait, I think, until things are fixed up," he said hastily. "You see, she might feel a little shy about knowing you just yet. Besides, she's rather frightened of you, from what Tom told her about you."

"Frightened? Of me?" cried Nina, amazed.

"Well," said Kit, a little apologetically, "you do frighten people, rather, you know. Tom told her, it seems, that when he met you that evening he tried his level best to look you straight in the face, and he never ventured higher than the tip of your chin the whole time. Of course, I told Betty it was all rubbish, and that you didn't mean to frighten people when you stared at them; but I suppose people don't like to be stared at, or something."

He struggled into his coat cheerfully and was quite unconscious of the storm he had raised in her mind by his rendering of Tom Woollerton's remarks; there was nothing unusual about her, he thought, when he bade her good-night, and it was only some sense of being in harmony just then with the whole of creation that made him kiss her before he went out.

Nina remained motionless in the middle of the room where he had left her until the front door banged behind him. Then she gave vent to her feelings.

"Well!" she gasped. "A little idiot like that Woollerton boy!"

She knelt down on the hearthrug and stared at the fire and considered her grievance aloud and solemnly. "I stare at people, Kit says, and so they are afraid of me! It's very absurd; and yet, is that why no one has ever been in love with me?" She started to her feet and began walking restlessly about the room. "I don't believe a word of it," she muttered vehemently; "it's only what the silly Woollerton boy thinks, and he would be afraid of a white mouse. I'm twenty-six, and Kit says I am quite old. Twenty-six! And no one has ever been in love with me. Is it really because people are frightened of me? I can't help having an independent manner and behaving more like a boy than a girl; if I didn't have to earn my living perhaps I should be as womanly and nice as Betty Woollerton. I am sure Morris Ray isn't frightened of me; *he* would not talk rubbish about not being able to look me in the face. But then, Morris Ray always understands. All the same, he is not a bit in love with me. I wish—I do wish I were as little in love with some people as some people are with me!"

The smile had grown very pathetic by the time she reached the end of her complaint. If Kit had been able to see her just then he might have modified his crude, boyish estimate of her character. She was her vigorous self again in an instant, however, as the sound of voices drifted in from the hall outside; and by the time Dorcas opened the door there was nothing in Nina's manner to show that her feelings had just been uppermost.

"If you please, miss, the porter wants to know if he can post any letters or do anything for us. He happened to be on our landing, miss, so he looked in," said the little maid, with a conscious air.

Nina remembered a deficiency in the lock of the dining-room door that sent the little maid away beaming. Then she gave herself a determined shake, poked the fire into a most unromantic blaze, and laughed as the humorous aspect of the situation tickled her fancy. "That makes three of us! What a household!" she commented.

The next day was Saturday. There were no pupils to be taught on Saturday morning, and she was free to dawdle deliciously over her dressing and to stroll at her leisure in to breakfast, just as Kit was finishing his second cup of tea with one eye on the relentless clock. This morning, however, the dawdling had outstepped its usual limits, and Kit was gone when she reached the dining-room. For a moment she was possessed with a twinge of sisterly remorse; then she forgot Kit altogether as she saw there were two letters on her plate and that the top one was from Morris Ray. She opened it with more than usual eagerness, for it was part of the Saturday feeling to fancy that every letter was going to contain something pleasant.

"How delightful!" was her criticism of this one. "I was just dying to go to the Ibsen matinée to-day, and my new hat with the purple roses——"

Her review of the hat with the purple roses was stayed by the sight of the second letter, which was lying just where she wanted to put her toast; and she opened it rather curiously. It was very short, and her face wore a contemptuous look as she flung it down again almost directly.

"As if I should want to go to a picture gallery with that silly Woollerton boy!" she exclaimed a little scornfully. "I suppose he thinks he has got to be friendly to me just because Kit is going to marry his sister. So like him to do the right thing!" she reflected, as she ran downstairs. All the same, she half wished she had stopped to pick up his letter before she went out to send her telegram to Morris Ray

Kit came home in rather an uncertain temper that afternoon. He was as sensitive as Nina to little things, and the trifling fact of her being late for breakfast had been enough to make him think that she was vexed about his engagement to Betty. Then, too, his evening at the Woollerton's had not been a success. The jaunty poise of the hat with the purple roses was an additional grievance in his eyes, and he hated the thought of the man for whose pleasure she had put it on.

"Do you mean to say you are going, after all?" he asked slowly

Nina stared. "You don't mind, do you?" she asked. "Dorcas knows about tea, and there are lots of crumpets and things. How did you know I was going?"

Kit begged the question. "I believe you'd go out with any one, whether you liked him or not," he said gruffly.

Nina looked hurt. "No, I wouldn't," she protested. "You know I wouldn't, Kit. You know how awfully particular I am about people."

He wheeled around upon her abruptly. "I don't know anything of the sort," he said. "How is a chap to know how to take you? Last night you called him a worm, and to-day you are going out with him.

Nina's face cleared and she broke into a peal of laughter. "I'm not going out with *him!*" she cried "I am going to the Ibsen thing with Mr. Ray. Just imagine your thinking it was the Woollerton boy!

In his relief Kit became immediately and violently inconsistent. "Why shouldn't it be?" he demanded "You haven't any taste in men at all, Nina. Tom may not be much to look at, but you'll find that men always like him, and that is a very good test If you were to ask your friend Ray, whom you think so much of——"

He paused as the unpleasant thought crossed his mind that there was apparent reason to be equally jealous of Morris Ray. Nina struck in a little scornfully. "It isn't likely Mr. Ray would know anything about a boy like that," she remarked.

Kit laughed somewhat annoyingly. "That's all you know about it," he answered. "I met him at the Woollertons only the other day. Tom and he are great chums, as it happens."

Nina had no time to reply to this amazing disclosure before Ray was announced. It was the moment to which she had been looking forward since breakfast-time, yet now that it had come she had a queer sort of feeling that all the glamour had been taken out of her Saturday afternoon. She tried in vain to shake it off as she followed her companion downstairs, but the vision of Tom Woollerton's letter as it lay discarded on the floor returned with provoking persistence to her mind and made her unusually unresponsive to Ray's remarks as they drove toward the Strand. She roused herself at last to make an observation of some kind, and mechanically chose the very subject she wished to avoid.

"Kit says that you know the Woollertons," she began rather suddenly.

"Oh, yes. Nice fellow, Tom Woollerton. Used to be my fag at school," answered Ray

Nina felt an intolerance of him for saying so. "He asked me to go and see some pictures with him to-day," was all she said, however

Morris Ray gave a slight start. "Did he? Wish I'd known," he remarked.

"Why?" demanded Nina.

"Well, I wouldn't have spoiled things by asking you first, that's all," he answered with a smile.

"You didn't ask me first," said Nina. She gave her chin a slight tilt into the air, but the movement was quite lost on her companion, who continued to stare straight before him in the preoccupied manner that characterized him

"It's very kind of you to say so," he answered unconsciously; "but you shouldn't have considered me in the matter, you know."

Nina looked appealingly at his profile. Would he never understand, she wondered. "I don't quite know what you mean," she said slowly.

He smiled at her. "Well, you see," he explained elaborately, "I should hardly expect you to bother about an old fogy like me when a young admirer comes along."

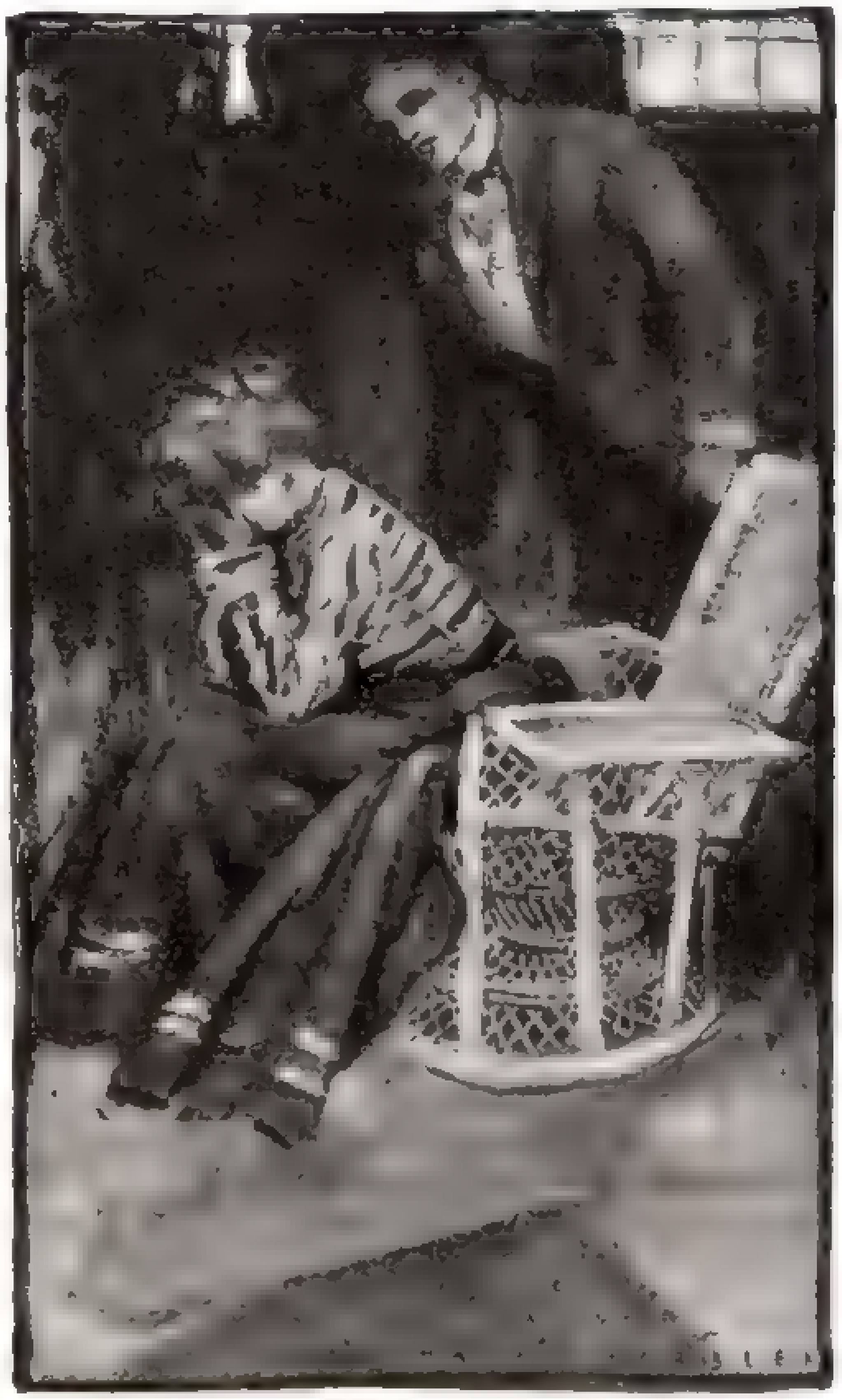
Nina lost patience. Was the shade of Tom Woollerton going to spoil the whole of her Saturday?

"You're not an old fogy, and he isn't an admirer!" she exclaimed. "I have only met him once, and we did not get on a bit. He doesn't even like me, Kit says. Besides, he is only a boy. And I can't bear people who are not strong and healthy; it's detestable of me, but I can't."

"No? That shows how young you are," he observed Then he added under his breath, so that she did not catch the words: "Poor Tom! poor boy!"

There was something decidedly wrong with the afternoon. The Ibsen play was the most depressing Nina had yet seen, though she felt as she said so that the fault was not entirely Ibsen's She threw the blame with some inconsequence on the absent Woollerton boy, and assured herself that if he had not bothered her with his tiresome invitation, and presumed to share the friendship of Morris Ray, and otherwise pervaded the whole of her Saturday, she would at that moment have been the happiest holiday maker in London. It seemed consistent with the rest of a spoiled day that her companion should be obliged to go to the office of the Sunday paper he edited, instead of seeing her home, and a solitary drive back in a hansom put the climax on her dissatisfaction

Her spirits rose in spite of herself when she opened the door of the room in which Kit was sitting and found it a blaze of spring flowers. The month was only February, and certain sisterly pangs of economy mingled with her pleasure in the mass of mimosa on the table and the bowl of white lilac on the mantelshelf.



"I DID CARE FOR SOMEBODY ELSE ALL THE TIME!"

"Kit, you naughty, extravagant boy!" she exclaimed. "How awfully dear of you, all the same! You know my passion for mimosa; and just look at the anemones—oh!"

Kit observed her unmoved. He even submitted to the hasty kiss she dropped on his forehead, and only smiled when she again became enthusiastic over his generosity. At last he took his pipe out of his mouth and spoke

"Nothing to do with me," he said. "I've been sitting here ever since you went out. In fact, I was sitting here when Woollerton——"

Nina dropped on the sofa with a cry of disappointment and buried her face in a cushion. "Don't, oh, *don't* tell me another word, Kit," she implored him in a stifled voice.

Kit almost took the trouble to look surprised. "What's the matter with the flowers?" he asked. "They're very decent flowers, aren't they?"

Nina sat up and shook her head mournfully "It's not the flowers I mind," she said impressively, "it's—the Woollerton boy."

"Oh, as to that," observed Kit airily, "don't you imagine you've got to excite yourself about that! He only did it to look kind because of Betty and me, don't you know."

"That's just it!" cried Nina vehemently. "*If* he did it because he wanted to be my friend I might be able to endure him. I hate him for doing the right thing—always the right thing and never the natural thing! Why doesn't he think I am human? Why doesn't any one think I am human?"

She was startled at her own words. All her pent-up resentment against a sex that persisted in misunderstanding her seemed suddenly concentrated in her antipathy to this man whom she had seen but once in a crowd, but whose tiresome existence seemed destined to dog her steps. Kit was looking at her in mild surprise

"Would you mind explaining what there is to make a fuss about?" he asked. His absolute lack of comprehension brought her back to earth again and she tried to laugh away his astonishment

"It's nothing," she said. "I am still possessed by that miserable Ibsen play, I think "

To Kit the explanation was more than sufficient "Oh, well," he said, "if you will go to those bumpy plays "

"You dear old silly!" observed Nina as she pulled out hatpins and rang the bell for fresh tea

It was about a month later, and London was playing at springtime. Nina sat by the open window and sang softly and tunefully to herself out of sheer delight at the sight of the sunlight as it played and flickered on the red and gray roofs which were the chief features of her outlook; even the arithmetic books on her lap, which she was supposed to be correcting, had lost half their dullness in the exhilarating atmosphere of the day. A blackbird, as deceived as herself by the premature warmth, broke into song somewhere near, and Nina stopped singing herself and laughed out loud with positive enjoyment. "I wonder," she murmured, as she absently gave full marks to an exercise she had barely glanced at—"I wonder what *he* is feeling like to day!"

He was generally in her thoughts, though she saw him seldom enough, and had not been out with him once since the day when everything had gone wrong. Thinking of him carried her thoughts back to that very Saturday afternoon, and she smiled rather wistfully as she recalled her absurd anger with Tom Woollerton for his attempt to do the right thing. It struck her, as she thought about him, that her repeated snubs must at last have discouraged him, for he had made her no further advances for a fortnight or more. For a moment she felt guilty of having been unnecessarily severe on him; and she stared with a frown at the jumble of red and gray roofs and faced the matter squarely in her own mind. "No, it wasn't unfair at all," she decided presently. "If he had been in love with me it would have been horribly mean of me to suppress him like that; but when a man is civil only because he thinks it is the thing to do he deserves to be suppressed." This point settled, she went back to her work in a thoroughly healthy frame of mind, and shut the last book with a bang just as Dorcas came in with the tea-tray

Nina watched her as she moved about the room, and thought there was something listless in her manner. "Did I hear the porter's voice just now, Dorcas?" she asked

Dorcas tossed her head expressively. "No, miss, that you didn't; he hasn't been in for a week or more Not that I want him filling up my kitchen, if you'll excuse my saying so, miss. There's nothing the matter with my flues, as I told him last Friday week when he came hinterfering with the stove. If it's only *flues* that he wants, there's fourteen other flues in the building. And so I said to him, miss!"

Nina felt impelled to offer the conventional measure of sympathy. "Never mind, Dorcas," she said; "there are plenty of nice men in the world "

Dorcas placed the toast on the hearth with a flourish. "Some say so, miss," she remarked, with a magnificent tolerance for the misguided people who shared her mistress' opinion; and Nina smiled.

"Poor Dorcas! Now there are but two!" she quoted whimsically, as soon as she found herself alone

She turned to the window again and looked out at the red and gray roofs which were fast losing their sharply defined outlines in the blue haze that had succeeded the glow of the sunset. The door opened as she stood with her back to it, and a familiar voice made her turn around with a start.

"I did ring the bell," said her visitor, apologetically, "but I think your maid was having an altercation with the porter through the medium of the speaking-tube, and as the door was ajar I just came in "

"Please sit down," said Nina gladly.

"I won't have any tea, thanks. The fact is, I'm no good at beating about the bush, and I've come to tell you something—something very serious indeed," he began almost bluntly. "Do you think you can bear to hear it?" he added in a gentle tone, as she came and sat near him and fixed her eyes on his face with a half-frightened look in them.

A sudden suspicion darted into her mind and held her breathless; but she put it from her on the instant and almost laughed aloud at her stupidity. A man might be nervous, if he had suddenly and unaccountably made up his mind to propose, but he would not look so solemn about it

"Tell me now, please," she said with a note of apprehension in her voice; and he took the hand she instinctively put out to him.

"Something very sudden and very sad has happened to a friend of ours—of mine," he went on with an evident effort

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"It is something that affects you, and I have promised to break it to you."

"Something that affects me? A friend of yours?" repeated Nina questioningly. He hesitated for a moment, then continued hurriedly:

"Did you know that Tom Woollerton had had influenza?" he asked. Nina drew away her hand with an impatient gesture; she knew she was being unreasonable, but it did seem hard that the Woollerton boy should color every interview she had with Morris Ray.

"Of course I knew," she said rather petulantly. "Kit told me last week. Is that all you came to tell me?"

"Did Kit happen to say how he was yesterday?" asked Ray, turning to her with a frown. He had never liked her so little as at that moment, when he came to her with his heart full of a great loss and she met him with the manner of a spoiled child. He did her an injustice, for her unconsciousness of what he was going to say was absolute.

"Let me think," Nina was saying reflectively; "Kit was kept late at the office last night—oh, that was it! So he came straight home instead of going to the Woollertons' as usual. And I did not hear how Tom was this morning because Kit leaves before the post comes in, you see, so Betty always writes to him at the office. But I thought he was nearly well two days ago?"

"There was a relapse yesterday morning," said Ray briefly, "and he hadn't strength enough to fight it, poor boy! He was always delicate, you know."

He got up and went to the fire and leaned upon the mantel-shelf. There was not a sound in the room for several seconds. Nina sat still as a mouse, with her hands tightly clasped and a slowly growing terror at her heart.

"Well?" she said at last, in a horrified tone. "He had a relapse—tell me! He isn't——?" She could not bring herself to say the word.

"He died last night," said Ray in a low voice.

Nina stared at his averted face in a kind of dream. Death had never touched her closely, for her parents had died before she was old enough to realize the loss; and the prevailing feeling in her mind, after Ray had finished speaking, was that the thing was impossible.

Morris Ray had given up expecting any show of feeling from her, and the horror in her face startled him.

"Forgive me if I have been too abrupt," he said, coming back to her side. "It's hit me pretty hard, you see, because I've known the boy ever since he was a little chap; but there was nothing to tell me that you would care particularly."

"It's not that I care so much," Nina explained in her truthful way, "but it is all so strange and frightening. Will you please tell me why you came, instead of letting me hear it from Kit?"

"To be sure," he answered quickly. "I had almost forgotten. You probably know that Tom had a little property of his own, left him by an uncle in Australia. No? Well, it's nothing much—brings in about a hundred a year, I think. Tom made his will, curiously enough, about a month ago, but he said he should like you to hear of it from me before they sent you the legal announcement, so I just came around to-day. He has left it to you, that's all."

"To—me?" stammered Nina. "Tom Woollerton—to me? I don't understand; it isn't possible! Mr. Ray, tell me—why should he want me to have his money?"

Ray looked at her searchingly. It was impossible to doubt that her distress was genuine, and it explained much to him.

"Why, child, the man was hopelessly in love with you!" he blurted out. "Do you mean to say you didn't know?" Her eyes were raised to his face in a half-dazed way.

"It isn't possible," she repeated mechanically, and tried desperately hard to realize it. Visions filled her mind of a discarded letter lying on the floor, of a tangle of mimosa in a brown jar, of a long, white dinner-table, and a thin, nervous voice in her ears—and she gave her companion a fresh shock by covering her face with her hands and giving way to a burst of passionate weeping.

Morris Ray stood up and looked down at her helplessly. Just before he had wanted to shake her for her heartlessness, now he wanted to comfort her instead. He sat down beside her and stroked her hand soothingly.

"Don't cry," he said in a voice that shook a little. "Of course I thought you knew all the time that he cared about you. Don't cry so, child. I—I don't think I can stand it myself, if you go on crying."

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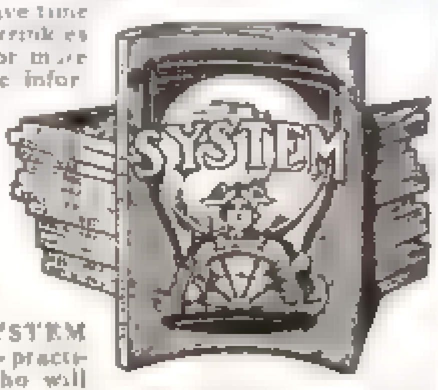

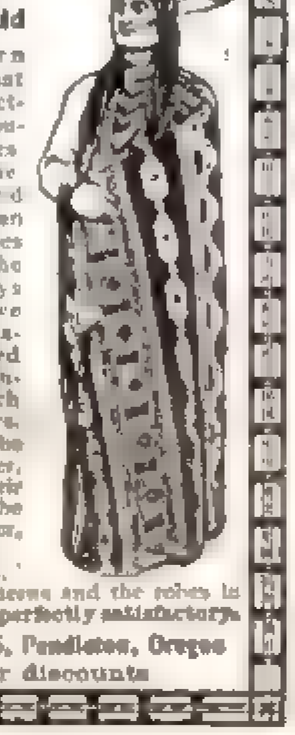

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"You don't understand," said Nina, catching her breath. "No one has ever—has ever been in love with me before. People have been kind enough, and friendly enough, but no one has ever fallen in love with me. Kit says I frighten them, or something, but I don't think I do. It seems so odd and queer that the only man who has ever fallen in love with me should—should die without my knowing it. I only thought he was trying to be civil because of Kit being engaged to his sister; and I hated him when he bothered me with flowers and invitations and things. I was so tired of having no one to care for me in the way I wanted to be cared for, and I *did* care for somebody else all the time. That is why I got angry; and I behaved like a child and treated him shamefully. And now, he is—— Oh! I can't say it!" She hid her face in her hands again and wept miserably.

Morris Ray had listened to her sobbing confession in a strange confusion of mind. His notions about women were of the primitive order: he had never studied them critically, but had merely divided the sex roughly into women who could be made love to and women who couldn't, and had been more or less shy of them both. If he thought of Nina as a woman, it was to class her with the sort that could not be made love to; but the truth was that he had not realized her as a woman at all. She was far more like a child to him—a clever, amusing, rather heartless kind of child, and as such he had fearlessly made a friend of her. Now, as she sat near him, weeping so piteously for the man she had never learned to love, he began to feel that the woman in her had only been hidden from him before, that in her frank, unconscious way she was betraying it to him now for the first time. The words of her pathetic, quaint little complaint rang in his ears, and a great tenderness for her rose up in him. "I was so tired of having no one to care for me in the way I wanted to be cared for," she had said. Things that had often puzzled him in her manner when they were together seemed to be explained in that one little sentence. As he began to understand the full meaning of it the friendship he had offered her suddenly appeared to him a mean and inadequate sort of gift. "I *did* care for somebody else all the time!" Might it be possible that she cared still?

He bent over her and put his arm around her and drew her gently toward him. When she looked up there was an expression on his face she had never thought to see there, and the newness and suddenness of it overwhelmed her.

"What is it?" she cried, bewildered.

"I don't know, dear," he answered simply. But as he kissed her he knew.

A Thoughtful Horse

Another True Animal Story from Honest John Barton

By CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS

THE chores were done, and Honest John Barton joined his boarders on the piazza of his house, where all, including the lady from Hartford, were enjoying a particularly beautiful sunset.

"Mr. Barton, we've been talking about that wonderful horse in Berlin that can count and tell one tune from another and do things that would seem to require thinking. What's your opinion of him?" asked the lady from Hartford.

"Why, I can't say that it seems especially wonderful to me after my experiences with Ned," said he, seating himself on the railing.

There was the rustle that is premonitory of strict attention, for the boarders knew that their landlord's study of animals had been exceptional, and, as the lady from Hartford said, "We can always rely on his word, for he never tells of anything that he hasn't witnessed himself, and he is the soul of truth."

This had given the New York boarder, a sprightly young woman, a chance to say that the soul of a thing was generally very different from the thing itself; but the subtlety of the remark was lost on the lady from Hartford, who was a straightforward, simple woman with no wish to peer behind the facts.

"Yes, Ned thought as much as most people do, and he never had a foolish thought, either. This all happened over twenty years ago, when I was somewhat younger than I am now. I went down to New York soon after I was married, and Maria and I were more interested in this rapid harnessing of fire-horses than in anything else we saw while there, and when I came home, as I didn't have a hired man, I made up my mind to rig up something of the same kind for Ned to save labor for myself."

"What sort of horse was Ned, Mr. Barton?" asked the lady from Hartford in her earnest way.

"He was of Vermont stock, and very smart. Came by it naturally. His sire and grandam had been trick horses in a circus, and his mother was one of the most intelligent mares that my father ever owned. Why, she was the one—you've all heard of her, I guess—that broke out of her stall when the barn was struck, and kicked in the front door of father's house and ran upstairs hunting for father, and at last found him sound asleep, and roused him by neighing in his ear, and then picked him out of bed by the teeth and took him over to the window where he could see his barn was afire, and father did the rest. He always maintained that that beat anything in the way of animal intelligence that he'd ever heard or read of, and he couldn't make up his mind that instinct alone would have taught a horse to do that, for instinct, as the naturalists tell us, is inherited knowledge, and no one ever heard of a horse before who knew that it was up to him to give a fire alarm.

"But, of course, that's an old story and was in the papers at the time. Barnum offered my father quite a neat sum for the horse, but father was a man who when he owned a valuable thing never thought that mere money could take the place of it."

"But you started to tell us about your own horse," said the lady from Hartford.

"Yes, so I did. Well, I merely wanted to show what forebears, or perhaps I should say forehorses, he had, and I'm a great believer in heredity. I was sure that Ned was just as bright as a fire-horse, and so I rigged up a harness in the middle of the barn. It was attached to my runabout wagon and it faced the doors. I had it hanging from the rafters and rigged out with snap-hooks so it would fasten as soon as it dropped on the horse, and it wasn't two hours before I taught Ned to get underneath at my call, and later I rigged things so that his stepping to his place released the harness, and there he was ready to start.

"But I wasn't satisfied with that. I wanted to beat the New York fire department. I was just the kind of young man who wanted to feel that I, on my little farm up here in Connecticut, had a better equipment in the way of rapid-firing harness than any fire company in the biggest city on the continent; so I rigged up a gong in the barn and connected it with the house, and taught Ned that one strike meant 'get harnessed,' and I'm blest if that very day he didn't learn the trick of sounding the gong himself, and when I ran out to the barn wondering what had happened there he stood, all eager to start out, harness on him as snug as you'd want. Oh, he could think! And he was as happy as a colt at the invention.

"One day I went out to the barn, having sounded the gong, and I found my horse trying to open the big barn doors. He had the cross-bar on the swing and one door nosed open, but the right-hand door was hooked to the upright centre beam, and even if he'd been able to open it the beam would have kept him in. Of course I took the hint and arranged the barn door so he could open it; and after that it used to amuse me considerable if I had a stranger to a meal to say, as we sat here on the porch afterward, 'I haven't any hired man, so I have to rely on my horse's having horse-sense, which few horses have.' Then I'd ring the gong, there'd be a great stomping in the barn, we'd see the big doors fly open, and Ned, all harnessed, would come tearing out with the runabout, trot up to the hitching post and hitch himself so he couldn't graze, because he knew I hated to have him eat grass. I never failed to astonish people, because seeing's believing, and belief is astonishing when the sight is out of the ordinary."

"What a wonderful horse," said the lady from Hartford. The other boarders did not

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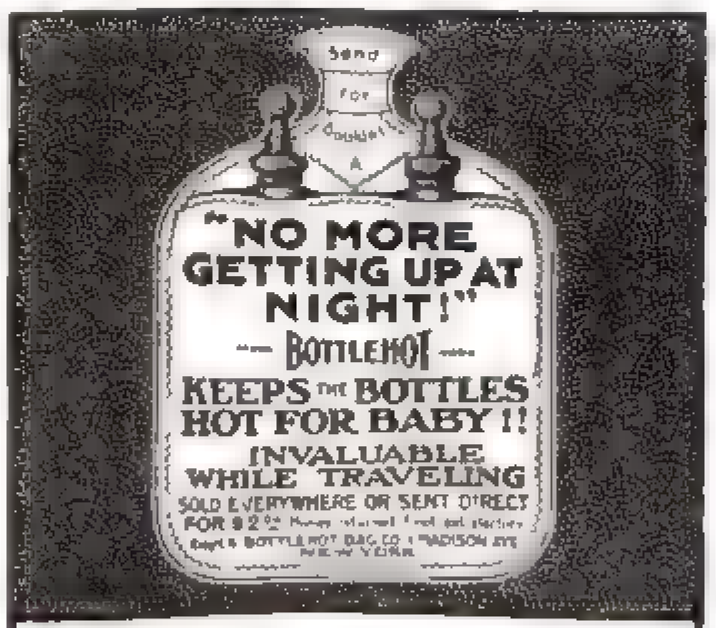

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commit themselves, but waited to hear further.

"Yes, Ned was a wonderful horse. This Berlin animal wouldn't fit into the same stall. He'd do more human things in a forenoon than I could have imagined in a forenoon and a half. I remember how he brought my niece up from town one day. I was expecting Jenny Tarbell to pay us a visit, and when the time came to go to town and fetch her up I was awfully busy, and I happened to say to my wife, who had come to the barn to ask me not to forget to bring in some evergreen corn for dinner, that I wished she wasn't afraid to drive a horse, as I didn't see how I was going to go to town and get Jenny. Maria is somewhat hard of hearing, as you all know, and she said 'What?' and I repeated what I'd said pretty loud and distinct, and Ned pricked up his ears and whinnied as if he'd heard something funny and was laughing at it. You know it's my opinion that humans got their laugh from a horse's whinny, for a good laugh sounds like a weak imitation of a whinny."

"I never thought of that before," said the lady from Hartford.

"You will now," said Mr. Barton. "I went out to get the sweet corn and my wife went back to the house, and when I came up from the garden Ned was gone with the carriage. Jenny told me the rest of it herself. She said that when she arrived at the depot she looked around for me, but she didn't see me. She was in the habit of coming to visit us about once in so often, being an orphan, and dividing her time among her uncles and aunts. Nice, pretty girl, and now she's married and lives out West. Well, Jenny had no eye for horses. You know there are people like that. They'll ride behind a horse day after day and never know him when they meet him. But while she was looking for me a mottled gray came out from among the hotel hacks, and as soon as he saw her he whinnied and she knew it must be Ned. Then (she said) he took her grip from her and with a turn of his head he tossed it into the wagon as slick as could be and then motioned with his head for her to get in. She wasn't quite sure it was right until she noticed my whip—a pretty, slimpsy affair—and she remembered that. Now, will you tell me how a young woman who could remember a whip that I got in a dollar lot down to Cherry Park Fair couldn't remember a horse that was worth his weight in gold? Well, she got in and Ned started for home, but when he got to the cooperative grocery store in the village he stopped there, and she remembered that I always stopped to get what I'd telephoned for, and the clerk came out with a boxful of things, and then Ned kept right on. She held the reins for a while, but it seemed to worry him, so she wound 'em around the whip, and he arched his neck with pride and landed her at our door as safe as if I'd driven her up. Oh, that Berlin horse is a fraud. I wish the scientists could have known Ned."

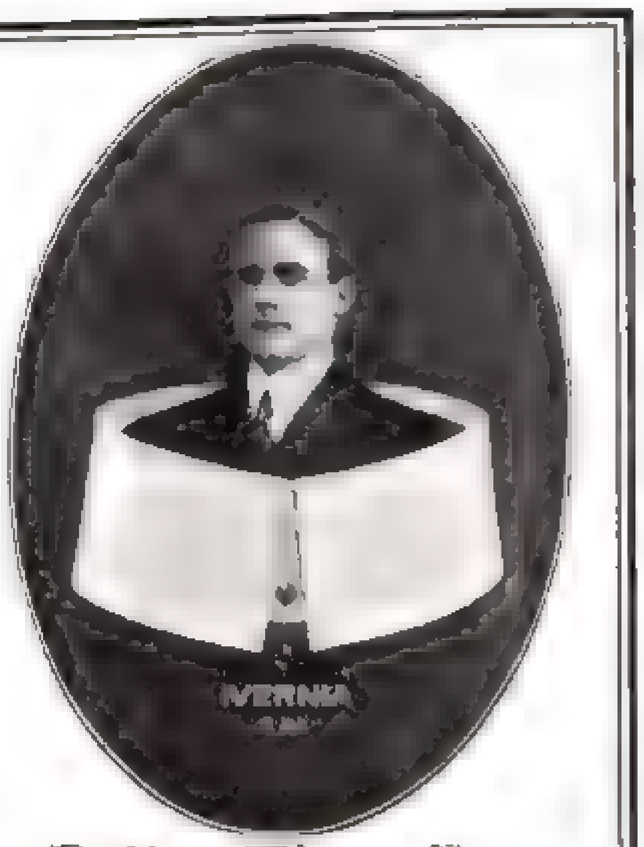
"But would he understand ordinary conversation?" asked the lady from Hartford.

"He certainly would. Why, he liked nothing better than to have me tell him stories about what his sire and grandam had done. You see, I'd heard all about 'em from a boy that ran away from here to join a circus, and Sunday afternoons I'd go out to the barn and tell him about their tricks, and he'd whinny and try to clap his front hoofs together the way he'd seen people do at the Indian medicine show down at the village. I draped the barn in mourning when he died of brain fever."

"So that's what killed him?" said the lady from Hartford sympathetically.

"Yes, like a fool I wasn't content with his knowing more than any other horse in Christendom. I wanted to have him learn to skate, so that when the roads were a glare of ice he wouldn't need to be sharp shod. I had skates made for him, and then I took him down to Long Lake and let him look at the young people doing fancy skating, and nothing would suit him but he must do the figure eight. I put on the skates and he went out on the ice and tried to do it. He could do every number inclusive of seven, but the curves of the eight were too much for him, and although every one thought it was wonderful to see a horse skate at all, he was mortified that he couldn't do what the boys did, and that night he passed away from brain fever. Oh, the more I think of that Berlin horse the more I think he is a fake."

"What a naturalist was lost to the world when he became a farmer," said the boarder from New York as the landlord went in to get his supper.



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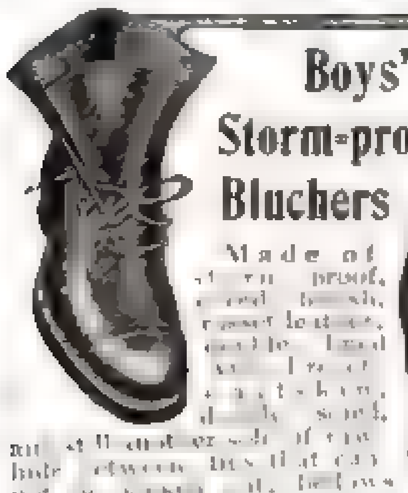

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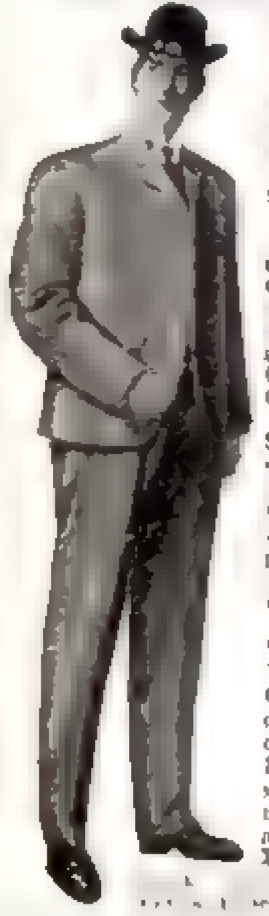

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LITERARY FOLK
Their Ways and Their Work

THE YOUTH OF WASHINGTON — Told in the form of an autobiography by Dr S. Weir Mitchell.

¶ There has been some hostile criticism of Doctor Mitchell's Youth of Washington *(The Century Company)*, and that not unnaturally, since it is a prepossession likely to be felt by most readers that to cast the narrative in the form of an autobiography fell little short of insolence. Nevertheless, prejudice yielding to curiosity, and once fairly in the swing of the story, the reflection occurs that perhaps judgments in advance of the facts are not so well founded as on better acquaintance with their actual surroundings, and that a venture may be a bold venture and still a successful one

Indeed, it would be ungenerous not to acknowledge the literary excellence of the book. The style admirably suggests without tediously parodying, the stiffness and restraint of such of Washington's writing as we know. He mentions the will of his great-grandfather's cousin, Martha Washington, who left to her cousin's sons "each a feather-bed and furniture, and to their heirs forever — which does appear to me long for a bed to last." It is almost the only approach to explicit humor in the book, and not a reckless hazard either. And there is also a letter from Franklin, which Washington characterizes as containing "one of those statements which I have never found myself able to employ and which do not assist me to understand the affair in hand, or to comprehend any better what is desired to be conveyed." When on one occasion "the learned Doctor Franklin" asks him a question, or Colonel Tilghman, or General Hamilton, or whoever for the moment it may be, propounds some philosophical observation, it is Washington's invariably deliberate reply that "I had to confess," or "I had to reply," or "I had to reply that such considerations were remote from my usual subjects of reflection." Somehow this formalism gives very subtly the impression of a cautious, downright mind, moving "close to the ground," as Arnold said in another connection, yet powerfully, and with a wonderful justice of direction and surety of progress. "I always had a predilection for such knowledge as can be put to practical uses," Washington is made to say "Great skill in the use of language I have never possessed, but I have always been able to make my meaning so plain in what I wrote that no one could fail to understand what I desired to make known. . . . I am aware that, except in the chase or battle, my mind moves slowly but I am further satisfied that under peaceful circumstances my final capacity to judge and act is quite as good as that of men who, like General Hamilton, were my superiors in power to express themselves"

It is as such a man might really have written that this fictitious autobiography reads. Without ostentation, with no visible laying on of local color, it contrives to give, with shade on shade of discrimination, an accurate picture of Colonial turbulence and rude profusion, and British arrogance and ineptitude. The figure of the young Washington emerges from this background with far more gravity and distinctness of outline than it did in The Virginians. No Harry Warrington disputes his prominence in the composition. Lord Fairfax is his closest companion, and the ruddy, spare old nobleman, embittered and morose, speaking his rare counsels from between long intervals of smoke and silence, curiously makes felt the forms that were taking shape and the vacancies that were never to be filled behind that wall of reserve and that inner curtain of diffidence. "I never got accustomed to his ways," avows Washington. . . . "I have seen him stand for two minutes looking at a great tree, as though he found much to consider of it. In like manner I have seen him stop when the hounds were in full cry, a thing most astonishing, and sit still in the saddle, looking down at a brook or up at the sunrise." Lord Fairfax, it would be surmised, had imagination, and so has the writer who can make that slight incident count for so much.

The autobiography ends with Braddock's defeat, which is gone into with some detail, as is the earlier mission to the Six Nations. The account is supposed to be drawn from early diaries, though nowhere kept in journal form, and it closes with a page from the day book for December 7, 1799: "Rainy morning, mercury at 37," to which is added the brief note: "The general died on December fourteenth of this year, seventeen hundred and ninety nine.'

Washington is awesome company for the lesser sons of his great family. With the years, and as the purity of his fame shows more unclouded, his isolation has deepened, as the remoteness and bright chill of the stars deepen on a clear night. It is not lightly spoken praise to say that he loses no dignity at Doctor Mitchell's hands, while he gains humanity. — *T. S. H.*

¶ **MINOR MENTION: Essays do not make** "big sellers," but to those who become converted to them, or were born to them, they are the most delightful of reading. The essays that Mr. Frank Moore Colby has collected under the title Imaginary Obligations *(Dodd, Mead & Co.)* are, as he very inconsiderately anticipates the reviewer in observing, "evanescent, but of a kind that often recur," as might be expected from a choice of subjects — to quote again — "transitory, but bound to return." It should be added that they are delightfully written — "safe and sane," without being stodgy and stertorous, but, on the contrary, easy, sprightly and full of wit. What an apt little stroke of satire it is that lays bare the literary temperament as one for whom "the land is only local color and the sea is made of ink." The book bristles with quotable phrases. Item: "When an unspoiled warrior is put for the first time into minor verse he hates it. *It makes him feel like a pressed pansy.*" Item. "The hero should leave the instant he begins to take it seriously, if possible before the wind dies. *A becalmed hero waiting around for more wind is in a bad way.*" Item: "It would be easy enough to put the world to rights if there were so little in it." And so on and so forth for more space than is at command in these crowded columns. For those who read between the lines a very significant comment on Mr. Bryan and the Presidential campaign is to be found in the essay on The Defeated Candidate.

¶ **College Training and the Business Man**, by Charles F. Thwing *(D Appleton & Co.)*, as might be expected from the position of the advocate, himself a college president, is a brief for the case of the college graduate. It discusses his efficiency in general administration, in banking, in transportation, in insurance and in human relations, with frequent quotation from high executive officers in the businesses under consideration. The subject still comes up for debate from time to time, but with less and less frequency and less and less bitterness More and more, agreement with Doctor Thwing becomes general — as a reference to his pages will show.

¶ **He Whom Thou Lovest is Sick** is a little volume of blank verse published for Rosa Pendleton Chiles by Whittet & Shipperson, Richmond, Virginia, in the aim, the author says, "to furnish strengthening and uplift to the sick and troubled anywhere." The great number of "run on" lines makes the act of reading a constant conflict between the effort to follow the sense and the effort to follow the rhythm — a struggle fatiguing even to one in robust health; and as for the Problem of Job. all the saints and sages have not solved it yet.

¶ **We take pleasure in recommending** to all alert and public-minded citizens the report of the Proceedings of the First General Convention to Consider the Questions Involved in Mosquito Extermination, published by the book-printing department of the Brooklyn Eagle. The proceedings contain reports of effective work done in all parts of the country and the appendix gives a life history of the mosquito and his habits

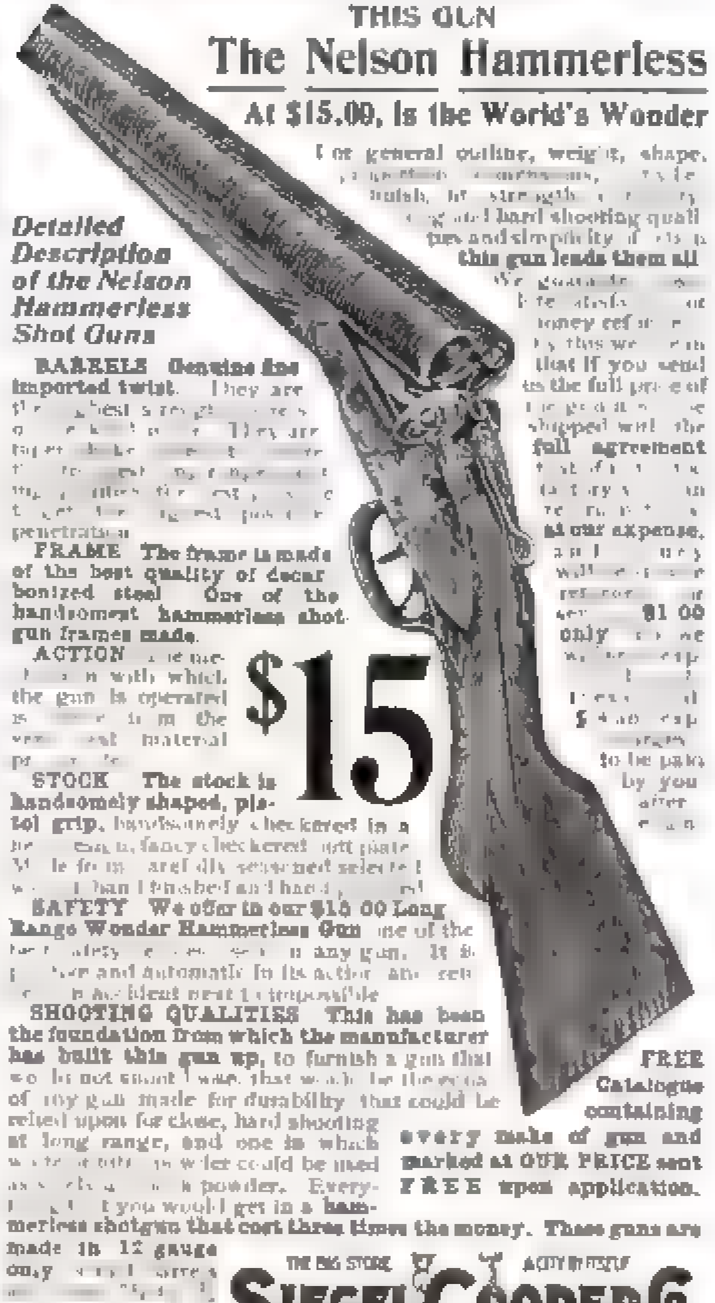
BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Marvelous Land of Oz, by L. Frank Baum *(The Reilly & Britton Company)*

Ash-Barrel Jim, by Mary F. Pawley *(The Broadway Publishing Company)*

Elfin Songs of Sunland, by Charles Keeler *(At the Sign of the Live Oak)*

Dreams of Childhood and Other Poems, by Charles McCubbin *(Southwest Mail Print, Nevada, Missouri)*.



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The Reading Table

The Mysterious Postscript

SOME years ago "Tom" Taggart, of the Democratic National Committee, had occasion to write to an active political worker in a distant part of Indiana, giving him timely directions concerning the campaign then in progress. Mr. Taggart's typewriter was absent, so he penned the letter in person, though well aware that his chirography belongs to the Horace Greeley school. He wrote carefully on this occasion, however, it being a very important communication, and thought there would be no difficulty. A week later his correspondent was in Indianapolis and called.

"Did you get my letter? Could you read it?" was Mr. Taggart's greeting

"I got it all right," replied the man, "and didn't have any trouble with any of it except the postscript. That stuck me. Showed it to everybody in town — same result; they all read the letter but fell down on the postscript"

The man drew the letter from his pocket and handed it to Mr. Taggart, who gave it one quick glance

"Great guns," gasped Tom; "the postscript says, 'Don't let anybody see this letter'!"

The Twentieth-Century Prodigal

CHAIRMAN CORTELYOU, of the Republican National Committee, was recently approached by a minor and unimportant New York State politician who, though formerly a Republican, at the past two Presidential elections has voted the Democratic ticket. The man explained at length that he had seen the exceeding error of his ways and was now once more ready to vote and work for the party of his first love, at the same time intimating that a congenial job at headquarters during the campaign would be acceptable

"Mr. Blank," said Mr. Cortelyou firmly, "I'm sorry, but I shall have to disappoint you. We're glad you're back, but nowadays the wise prodigal fetches along his own calf."

A Personal Discord

DR WALTER DAMROSCH tells an amusing story of a New York girl who had considerable difficulty in keeping her piano tuned.

One day the piano house which had sold the young woman the instrument received a letter from her, complaining that, although the tuner had called only the day previous, the piano was in no better tune than it had been before

The tuner assigned to the task of keeping the girl's instrument in trim got a severe reprimand for his alleged negligence and was told to make sure that there should exist no cause for complaint. The unfortunate expert again went to the young lady's house, only to find, as on previous occasions, that there was really nothing wrong with the piano

Nevertheless, the young woman was not convinced.

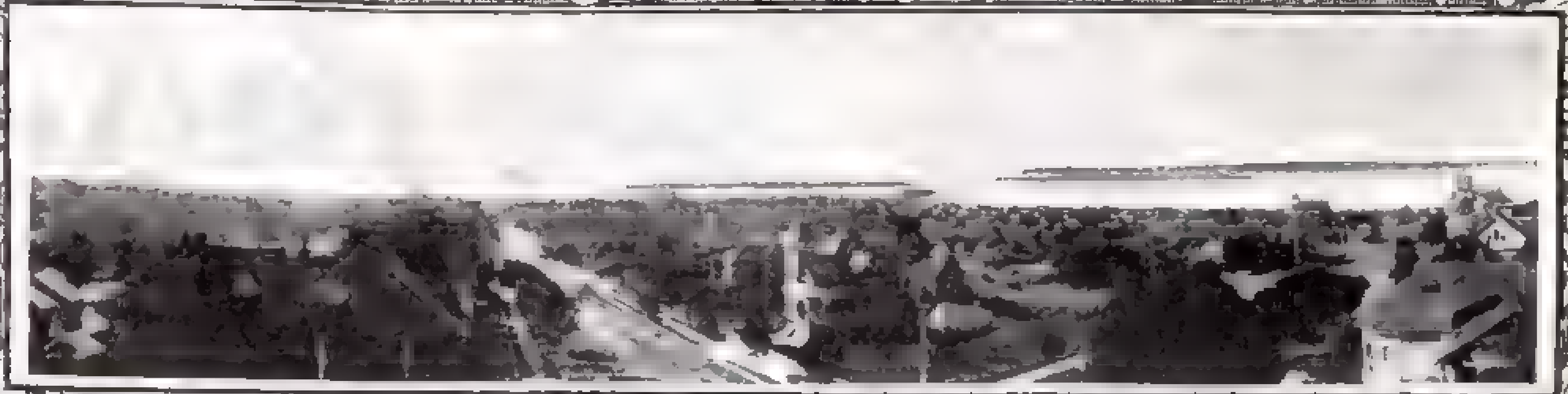
"Oh, I know!" she exclaimed petulantly, "it *does* seem all right when you play on it, but just as soon as I begin to sing it gets all out of tune again!"

Sweet Condescension!

THE wife of a well-known naval officer in Washington recently advertised for a cook. Though the establishment presided over by the officer's wife is in accord with their undisputed social position, yet it is by no means pretentious, for the naval man has no means aside from his salary. Consequently, when one applicant for the position of cook announced to the wife that her price would be fifty dollars a month she was told that such wages were out of the question. The cook, not deigning to notice the remark, went on at length to give her superior qualifications, touching especially on her ability to get up smart luncheons and dinners. Again the lady of the house said that she would not pay fifty dollars for a cook. Seeing that her determination was unalterable, the applicant for the place prepared to take her departure

As she was nearing the door she remarked patronizingly

"I see! You are trying to live within your income!"



Bird's-eye View of San Diego, looking seaward.

The Ideal Place for a Home

In a Land of Sunshine and Flowers

WHEN YOU can have a home, either for part of the year or all of the year, in the most glorious climate of all the world, in a city that has every natural and many artificial advantages, where your children can live the outdoor life that will give them needed health, strength and vitality for their life's work; when you can live where every plant, shrub and flower known to the temperate and semi-tropic climes grows and blooms; when you can have fruits and berries from trees and vines every month; when you can enjoy a morning dip in the grand Pacific Ocean every day in the year, and at the same time know that your original investment is constantly increasing in value, is there need to say more to convince you that you ought to own a home in San Diego,

"The Capital of an Earthly Paradise?"

No matter what your occupation or your income, you can live cheaper in San Diego than in any city of equal size in the entire United States. It is a city of wonderful development. Thirty-five years ago the nine hundred acres of land where the city stands to-day were sold for $234.00; to-day the same property has an assessed cash valuation of $22,357 656. The city's population increased 25 per cent. the past year and millions of dollars have been invested in its commercial enterprises. A one-hundred-million-dollar steel plant has recently located in San Diego, and a twenty-million-dollar coal company is ready for operation The United States government, realizing the natural advantages of the San Diego harbor and appreciating the fact that it is the first U. S. port at which ships can touch after passing westward through the Panama canal, has expended a million dollars this year in establishing a military post with its auxiliaries at San Diego. This city is the natural port of entry for the immense commerce of the Orient, for San Diego is hundreds of miles nearer to China, Japan, Australia and the Philippines than any other American seaport

The greatest fortunes in America have their foundation and owe their growth to wise real estate investments. The most successful business men in the country are putting their profits into real estate. Stocks may rise and fall, business enterprises may fail, tried friends may prove faithless, but real estate in a growing city like San Diego constantly increases in value, and can be quickly converted into cash

Pacific Beach is San Diego's most beautiful suburban addition (although entirely within the city's limits) and has a magnificent ocean strand four miles long and 600 feet wide — smooth and hard as asphalt pavement. Motor cars take you to the business center of the city in twenty minutes; you can walk to the beach in five minutes. There is no more beautiful location for a home than this delightful section of the city, where you can buy a

Beautiful Residence Lot for $10.00 Down

and monthly payments of $10.00, without interest or taxes on deferred payments. There are lots at $100.00, $200.00, $300.00, $400.00 and $500.00 each, according to the location; all are convenient to the motor cars and the ocean beach. Every lot is sold under an absolute guarantee that the title is perfect, that the lot is suitable for residential purposes, and that the soil will grow any shrub or flower known to this latitude. Many beautiful homes are already established at Pacific Beach, and many more are in the course of construction, while hundreds of our customers have signified their intention to build this fall and winter. Lots that sold a few months ago for $100.00 are now bringing $250.00, and will undoubtedly sell for $500.00 within one year. To convince you of the desirability of Pacific Beach property, we have arranged to give

A Free Trip to California

to at least one person in each community who will act as the personal representative of others interested in the purchase of homes in California and particularly in San Diego, which is known as the ideal city of homes. You will find this plan one that will appeal to you especially, for it gives you the opportunity to see more of our great country, and to spend a week in the city of San Diego as our guest. Full particulars of these free trips will be mailed you upon request

Will you write us to-day and let us reserve the most desirable $100.00 lot unsold at the time your letter reaches San Diego, with the distinct understanding that you are not obligated in any way to purchase the lot unless upon investigation your sound business judgment convinces you that you can make a handsome profit, and at the same time secure the benefit of the untold advantages that comes to those who own a home in California?

Folsom Bros. Company, San Diego, California.

References: Dun's or Bradstreet's Commercial Agencies and any Bank or Trust Company of San Diego, California.

A LIBERAL SETTLEMENT

(Continued from Page 5)

Barber farm at which I had my office — buy it outright — the whole place, there are only forty acres in it. It is worth about $3000. We must buy it because the canal cuts it in two, and it is five miles to a highway bridge, so one part can't be practicably reached from the other. Of course, Barber might sell one part for what he can get, and let us make up the balance he should have got

"Then I want the central supply station of the canal located there, on one of the pieces of the place — I should suggest the south piece. Then I want you to locate Lock 17 at that place. You'll have to put it somewhere along in there before you get far away, for there is quite a slope to the point where the ridge strikes the south side of the valley, and I need it there. Then I want you to appoint this man Barber lockkeeper ——" He halted as Dangerfield suddenly threw his face into the most energetic contortions, finally fixing on him a look of mingled mirth and unbelief; but when his chief settled down into a fixed stare that suggested that he believed his assistant insane, he proceeded "I want you to consolidate the office of lockkeeper with that of storekeeper, and make the salary right, as far as you can by your recommendation, and I want this man Barber to have it. Somebody has got to be lockkeeper, and there must be a storekeeper somewhere. Everything points to this place and this man — and I need it as a favor — the favor you told me to ask of you."

Dangerfield sat and looked at Dennis looked at him as though he were a puzzle that might be solved. Finally he gave the puzzle up, and said, again gentle in speech and manner: "Tell me the whole truth, boy."

Then Dennis told him — told him in packed, terse sentences, but told it all; his first acquaintance with Laura Barber, his finding her again on the little farm, her evident poverty, the likableness and the laziness of her father, their investment, evidently of about all they had, in the place; her eagerness to make a few dollars by renting him a room, and at the last, without reserve, the hope he had entertained regarding her, and his fears that she would give him all the blame for the relocation of the canal

"I don't know how she will take it," he said in a hopeless sort of way "I don't even know how she really regards me; but I know that if you will fix this matter right, and as you have promised me, she will not suffer financially, and maybe I shall — be all right. You understand, I think. If her father seemed to have much force about him," pursued Dennis after a pause, "it might be different, but, you see, he seems to do nothing, and they have very little, and this cheap little farm we are about to split in two is in her name. It appears that her father is in some way tangled up so he dares not own property himself. It is a case for sympathy — especially with me. It's everything to me"

Dangerfield had heard him through with funny little grimaces at certain statements and inferences. Then he sat quietly biting at his thumbs, and thinking

"Get out after those levels and run the line over soon as you can. I'll see," he said at last. And Dennis went out, knowing it meant all that the man dared promise. As his steps died in the distance Dangerfield called through the open door into the dark inner office: "He's gone. You can come out." And Israel Barber appeared in the doorway, a dead cigar in his hand

"Well," said Dangerfield, as best he could for grinning, "you know now what your estimation is along the I. & M. canal."

"I got it — straight," said Mr. Barber "And I have found out who my friends are, too. Now, we'll keep this still till the young man has played his hand out. I want to watch him through."

"Yes," said Dangerfield with dry, unsmiling humor. "I judge you are likely to be interested pretty soon, when this thing comes to settlement."

IV

DENNIS' anxious eyes photographed a hundred details of the little home before unseen as he drew slowly near the cottage one warm October afternoon; he did not expect to make many calls there again. Laura Barber was at home, alone; her father was in the fields with his gun. Dennis wondered that she was not afraid to be thus unprotected, but she said she saw nothing to be afraid of.

"Robbers," said Dennis

"Robbers — nothing!" she retorted with a laugh. "Why, there isn't a thing here to steal but the house"

"They might steal the house," said Dennis solemnly, his heart thumping as he skated out on to the thin ice. She laughed at him, and chaffed at him, but he refused to smile "To be plain with you, Miss Barber," he said, "that is just what brings me here this afternoon. I've come to steal your house"

"Mercy!" Her face showed tremendous mock concern; she refused to be serious.

"That is it," continued Dennis, pitiless of himself. "I am a villain and I know it, but I can't help myself. Let me tell you."

He bent toward her in an eager way, and in plain language told her what was to happen, and why, and the part he had had in it. Then he told her of the struggle he had had with himself, and his sense of duty, while he was figuring out the loss of her little home under its very roof, and how near he came to running away from the work, regardless of what he should lose by that act He went on and told her of the settlement that had been arranged for the safeguarding of her interests and her father. She smiled at this; smiled in a strange way, almost as though amused, and when Dennis concluded with an outburst of apology and abasement that sunk him fairly beneath her feet, a tender look came over her face but at no time did she seem greatly terrified by the prospect of the loss of her home, or tremendously overjoyed at saving its value

"I think you don't understand," said Dennis, "that the Government will build here a house that is very much better than this one you are to lose, and that it will virtually be yours, and your father's, as long as you live. This position is to be one for life, you know; and this salary, and the free use of all the land not occupied, will make him and you, I hope, an easier living than you have had. It will give him about the sort of life he has been wanting, and you will have your home."

He waited for her to say something, but she was looking away, somewhere, with shining eyes and parted lips. She seemed not to know that he was waiting for her to speak

"I cannot tell you how this has hurt me," he went on, "to be here as your friend, and the friend of your father, and all the while be working a scheme to turn you out. I don't know — I do not actually dare to hope that you can be satisfied with this proposition of settlement I have made, but it is the best — it is the utmost I could get"

She turned her face and smiled into his with bewitching charm and infinite kindness He felt a strange throb of warmth — something that tingled like a sudden courage in the midst of defeat.

"You know," he said, "it seems all the worse to me — this robbing you of your home — because I had been hoping — and working — to give you — a new home, instead of taking the old one from you"

She met his concentrated, eager gaze very courageously, this delicately modeled woman, but it took him whole seconds to understand that she was not offended; indeed, that she was actually smiling at him. She slowly flushed till she was rosy to her hair, and looked away for an instant, and then turned back to look at him again; and she said as she did this, so low and softly that Dennis could not plainly hear her, "I think — don't you think that — would be a good way to — settle it?"

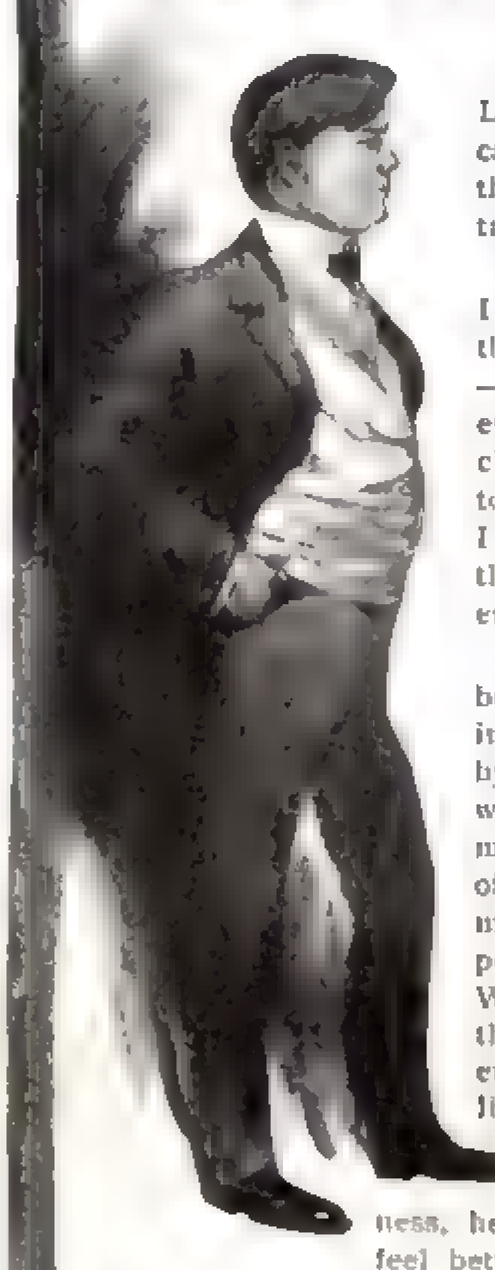
V

COMING in from the field an hour later, Mr. Barber's step was at the threshold before they knew it, and before Dennis could move the arm that was around Laura's waist. "Hello!" he said; "I should suppose that you would rather shoot quail with me on such a day as this than sit in the house and talk to any girl that ever wore ribbons."

Dennis reddened, then braced and retorted. "That depends on the girl, Mr. Barber. I want to tell you ——"

They took chairs and Mr. Barber's cigars and went out into the soft, delicious air, and sat in the shade of the big elm, close to the side of the house. Dennis' cigar went out with the fervor of his discourse, but Mr. Barber smoked steadily, tilting his chair back, with one ankle on the other knee and his hands behind his head. His cool eyes never left the face of the young man before him, as for the third time that story was rehearsed.

I will give $10,000 for Heart Throbs



I am editing "The National Magazine" for what Lincoln loved to call us, "The plain people of America." President McKinley told me I could do it, and the magazine has been a success beyond all expectations

Now, I want you to help me edit The National, and I am going to give **TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS** to those who will do it. What I want is real heart throbs — those things that make us all kin; those things that endure — the classics of our own lives. Send me a clipping, a story, an anecdote, or a selection that has touched your heart It is in the American homes that I am searching for the literature that endures — those things that touch and pulsate with the best and noblest emotions and sentiment

It may be in that old school book in the attic; it may be between the leaves of the family Bible; it may be in mother's scrap-book, yellow with age and hallowed by sacred memories; it may have been given you when you could scarcely read through the tears; it may be one of father's jovial jokes pasted on the side of his desk, or in that drawer long since unopened; it may be that clipping well worn from taking out of the pocket-book often to show a friend for a hearty laugh Wholesome good cheer, humor, comfort, hope — those things that make dark days endurable and sunny days enduring. In this way I hope to get those priceless little gems which you have always looked for in your favorite periodical

Heart throbs — yes, heart throbs of happiness, heart throbs of courage, heart throbs that make us feel better. **Those things that appeal to you must appeal to others**; that bit of verse — that note of inspiration laid aside — bring it forth and let us make a magazine that will speak the language of the heart as well as of the mind. I want you to send me these clippings to show me what kind of stories interest you, your mother, sisters, brothers, sons and daughters. I want to know just what kind of short, pithy articles you would select if you were sitting here with me at my editorial desk. You are constantly reading stories and anecdotes in the magazines, books, newspapers, or religious periodicals. Perhaps you have clipped them or pasted them in your scrap book, or you may have remembered where you have seen such a story, and said to yourself, "Well, that's about as bright as it could be." That is the kind of a story I want

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That is, if you secure one of the first ten awards, and measure six feet high, or four feet five, I will send by express as many silver dollars as will measure your exact height, one silver d[illegible] flat upon the other. The others will be **10** awards of **$50** each for the next best stories, **20** [illegible] of **$25** each for the next best stories, **100** awards of **$10** each for the next best stories, **200** awards of **$5** each for the next best stories, **500** awards of **$1** each for the next best stories

840 AWARDS IN ALL Remember [illegible] stories or verse out of an old newspaper or mag[illegible] you may remember a story some one else has told you, or you have read in years past but cannot give the [illegible] Write it out and send it in, but I would like to know where it was published and when, [illegible] give due credit, but this is not binding, if your memory fails you. They may be bright, cheer[illegible] humorous, pathetic or biographical, or anecdotal — anything you would call a good story. The [illegible] condition is to send 25 2-cent stamps for six months' subscription in advance with each clipping, and the story must not exceed 500 words. **These conditions are imperative and no deviation can be made.**

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In planning this contest, I am not only trying to find out what you think, but I want you to "Know Joe Chapple and His National Magazine." I want you to get acquainted with The National because there is nothing published like it. In the Washington Department, I take you with me to the National Capital, into the halls of Congress, in the committee rooms, up to the White House, [illegible] the Departments, and into the life of the great men and women you know publicly but not personally. It is my letter to your home folks. You can go with me over the length and breadth of our great land, feeling the National heart throb, seeing the every-day life of American men and women — the real romance of to-day in activities and achievements, for the railroad train is the home in which I spend part of my time seeing [illegible] and studying [illegible] As some one has said, "Joe Chapple's address is the [illegible] States of America."

Now, I hope you understand how earnest [illegible] sincere I am in this purpose to have you "Know Joe Chapple and The National" [illegible] that he is more than an ordinary, every-day mortal, but for the reason that he is one of you — and one who feels, thinks, acts and is devoted to the same purposes and ideals which you cherish

WHEN THE AWARDS WILL BE MADE Just the minute The National Magazine has 250,000 subscribers, I will send out by express Ten Thousand Silver Dollars to the successful contestants. We now print 203,000 copies, a gain of over 40,000 in last year's campaign. This will necessitate less than 50,000 new subscribers before the award is made. But, whether the extra subscriptions are received or not the $10,000 will surely be awarded before Sept. 1, 1905. All you have to do is to send the clipping with your 25 two-cent stamps, which is for a six months' subscription to The National Magazine. Address

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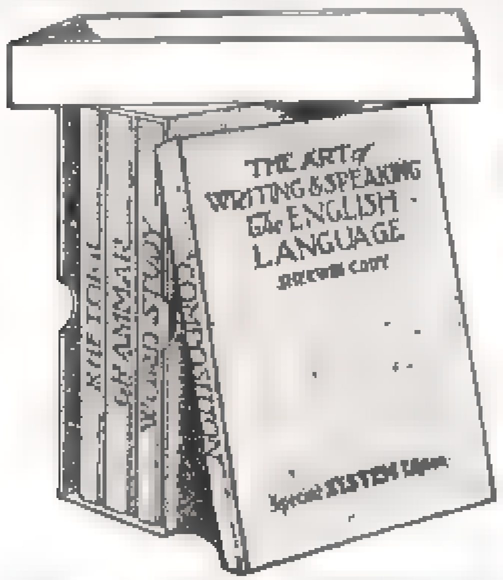
Do you know that Marshall Field & Co. pay their employees $1 for every error in English one of them finds in any of the printed matter issued by the house? Nowadays nothing hurts a man's **prestige** with the educated like careless English. Moreover, the best correspondents are no longer willing to write their letters in the **time-worn commercial jargon** of half intelligible commercial phrases. A good letter, business or social, should be simple, smooth easy winning, like the voice of a good salesman

The man who [illegible] Sherwin Cody. He has an international [illegible] time-saving [illegible] Grammar, Punctuation, Composition, Business Letter Writing, Story Writing, Creative Composition, hitherto sold in typewritten form for $15 to $25 for each separate course. These books contain everything that will help you, nothing that is mere lumber. Better than a dictionary, because they [illegible] his own [illegible]



Business Managers. [illegible] Mr [illegible] to all their clerks who write letters from the merest [illegible] experience [illegible]

Credit Men. [illegible] your [illegible] will improve wonderfully if you see that every letter that goes out is the best

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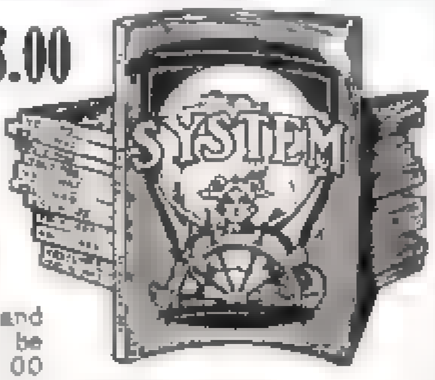

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"Of course, you may not care for this position as it has been arranged for you, Mr Barber," concluded Dennis, "but it was the best I could do, and I felt that I had to do my best for you. But I want to say, sir, though I'm not ashamed of it, that I did not intend — I hadn't the first notion of saying a word to Laura when I came out here to-day about — er — you know! I hope you are not displeased by it, but I couldn't help saying it, that's all"

"Of course you couldn't help it," said Mr Barber with a quaint and comical lift of his eyebrows. "I know you couldn't help it The women are everlastingly to blame for cornering a poor fellow that way." His face was sarcastic, as Dennis saw it, but before he had time to feel disquieted Mr Barber continued "But don't worry over that now. I know you pretty well, you see; very well, in fact; better than you are aware Langham has wanted you ever since he let you get away from him." Dennis' eyes opened their widest at this, but the speaker went on, unheeding

"Dangerfield is more infatuated with you than Langham is, and says he can't keep house without you. He has made me believe that the canal can't be built anywhere near right unless you stay on the work; and still he is willing to let go of you for your sake You have estimated Mr. Dangerfield very correctly. He has always been a man of the kindest heart, though he is rough on the outside. He wants you to go, but he nearly cries over your going

"Now, not considering, for the moment, the great kindness you have done my daughter and myself in looking after us in the matter of the seizure of her property as you have, how would you like to take a place — a pretty good thing to start on — in the engineering office of a first-class railroad, with a good firm stand with the administration right from the beginning? And after a while — when Laura says she is ready — a good sort of home in town? You will have your own car in less than two years if you handle me as you have handled Dangerfield and this canal job. In another week I'll have had all the vacation I shall need, and Laura will have had all she wants of playing housekeeping, and we shall be going back to the city to see her mother. I suppose you will want to see her, too." He winked humorously. "What do you say? Langham is fairly aching for you since I have told him this canal story of yours."

Mechanically, and not half understanding, yet beginning to grasp things, Dennis had taken the card that had been deliberately extended toward him near the close of Mr Barber's incomprehensible speech. He looked at it and understood, in a flash, a multitude of mysteries, from the elusive identity of the face before him to the cigar smoke in Dangerfield's office that night, and the telegrams, and the shotgun, and the lackadaisical farming. For in an upper corner of that card was the famous trademark of the I. C. & S. W. road, and in the centre the legend

ISRAEL DANVERS BARBER,
First Vice-President,
Chairman Executive Committee

Dennis knew he was showing no sort of manners in staring as he did, but he couldn't master himself enough to say anything, or do anything, till his ear caught a mere murmur, just a hint, of the sweet laughter of a woman, watching and eavesdropping at the window near them. Then he came to his senses, with great show of superfluous red about the face, and much needless embarrassment about the eyes, for the looks the elder man bent on him, having risen from his chair, were of the kindliest sort — almost affectionate, you might have said if you had seen them. Finally the tension broke, and Dennis laughed and said:

"You've got me, sir. I give up. I thought I was going to do something decent for you, but you overwhelm me with kindnesses. I can't thank you, for I don't know how, but since you seem to wish it I will withdraw my proposition — and I will agree to settle on your terms."

They shook hands on it, verily like father and son; then they turned to enter the house, and the door swung open for them to enter.

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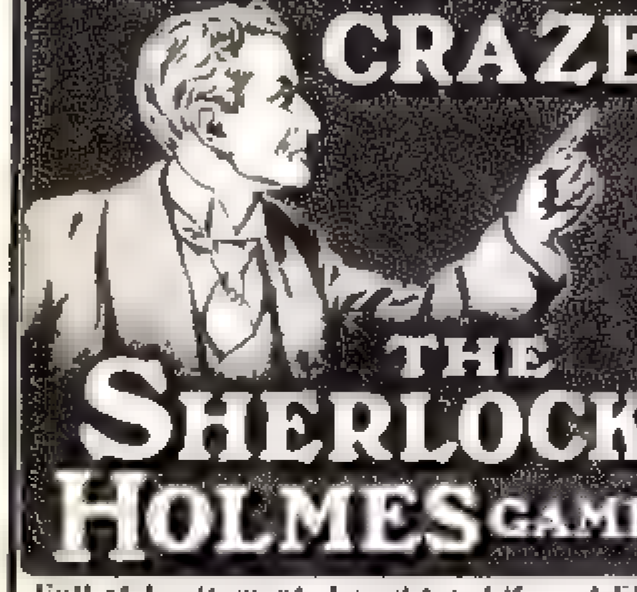

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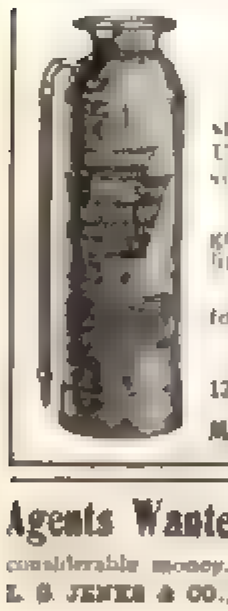

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The Open Shop

(Concluded from Page 7)

required to force up the scale and to maintain it at its unnatural height.

Now finally, is the closed shop beneficial to labor as a whole? The labor leaders point to a number of high wage scales in industries which the unions dominate, but they do not discuss the effect of these wage scales on the cost of living. They pretend to believe, and they endeavor to make their followers believe, that the increases in wages come out of the fund of the capitalists. But as a matter of fact, the capitalist is not going to engage in business unless he can make money, and the more uncertainty there is as to labor demands the higher must be the profits before he will be induced to risk his capital. The burden of abnormal wage scales and the great losses arising from labor troubles can fall in but one place, and that is on the shoulders of the consumer. But who is the consumer if not labor itself? What Organized Labor is really attempting to do is to compel the twenty-four million workmen not in Organized Labor to pay inflated wages to the two million who belong to that organization. These inflated wages are collected through the increased prices of commodities made by union labor and used by their twenty-four million of brother toilers that do not belong to the trust. Thus, instead of benefiting the masses as a whole, Organized Labor with its closed shop benefits only itself at the cost of all the rest of labor.

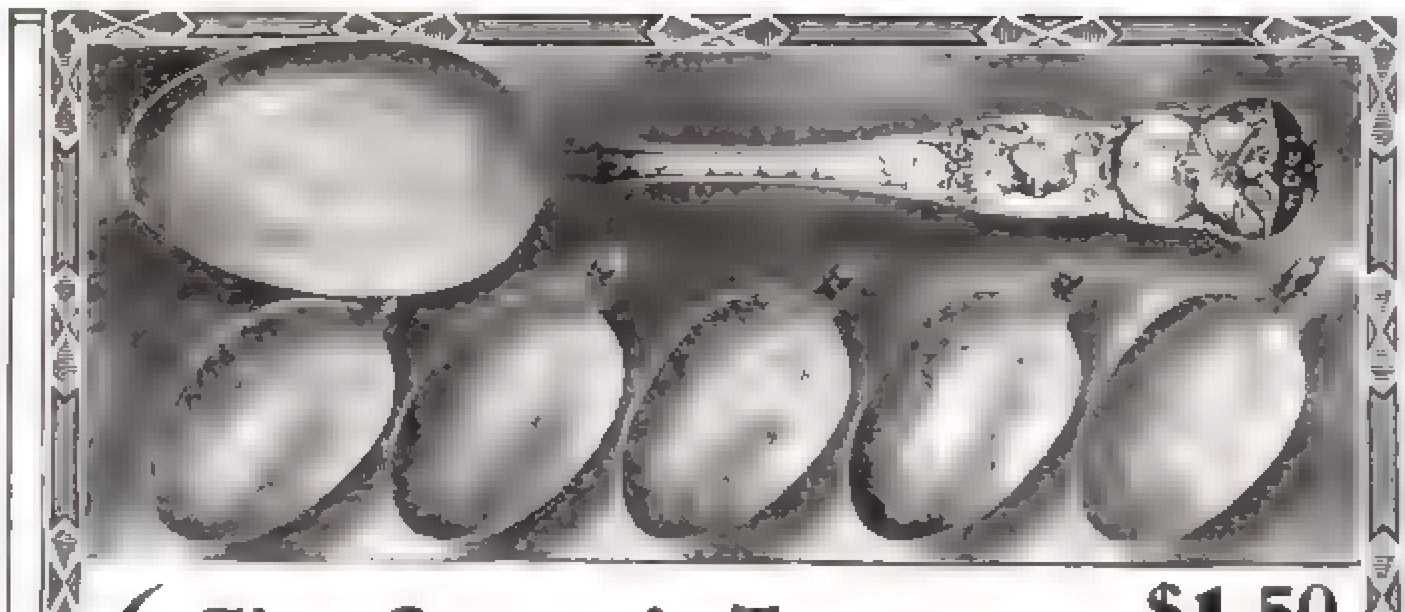
The closed shop becomes a further enemy to labor in general because of the restriction of output that is inherent in this system of uniformity of pay. It is human nature for the average man not to work any more than another who gets the same wage. Again, as the idea that the less work done by one man the more work there is for other men to do is an important part of the theory of the closed shop, most unions that secure the closed shop fix the amount of work to be known as a day's labor, and no good union man will exceed this amount. In the last year a number of notable cases have occurred in which factories have increased their output per man employed from twenty five to fifty per cent. after abolishing the closed shop and opening the doors to all who wanted work, whether union or non-union.

Other features of the closed shop which are wholly bad in their effect on the general good may be mentioned. One is the change of control over the men from the employer to the union, which counts for poor discipline and indifference to the interests of the employer. When a shop is closed the workman is more heedful of the orders of his union than of the wishes of the man who pays his wages, as he is dependent for his job more on the union than on the employer. Another feature to be severely condemned is the restriction of apprentices, which to-day forces many an American boy into the streets from which he later too frequently finds his way to the penitentiary.

Competition, say the closed shop advocates, is ruinous, but I think all will agree that it is more ruinous to monopoly than it is to the consumer. The closed shop means monopoly of employment, and this in turn means the spoliation of the consumer. Were the closed shop universal the pace in industry would be set by the dullard, the ignorant and the inefficient. Muscle would govern brains, and mankind would be thrown back into the dark ages with all the poverty and ignorance that characterized those times. But muscle never can govern brains, and never has. Wages have been quadrupled and the prices of commodities in general reduced by one-half in the last hundred years, and all this has come about without the assistance or interference of Organized Labor, as the latter gained no decided strength until very recent years. Let competition, the life of progress, prevail, and every individual is spurred on to do his best. Restrict the freedom of no man in his efforts to make his own destiny and guarantee to him the reward for his labor and his thrift, and machinery will increase and production multiply, and with it all the constant tendency will be the increasing of wages, the lessening of the hours of labor and the reduction of the prices of commodities. The closed shop is utterly indefensible and repugnant to the American spirit. It is an anomaly in Twentieth Century civilization. It must and will be abolished.

DAVID MACLEAN PARRY,

President of the National Association of Manufacturers and the Citizens' Industrial Association of America.



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A LINK IN THE GIRDLE

(Continued from Page 11)

"Nothing whatever, except that the laborers crowded around this foreman and seemed proud to get a word from him."

"But I don't understand. What gave him such a hold over them?"

"I don't understand it myself. But I know this—that if I strained things to the breaking point I could never get the work out of any laborers that he got out of those Italians. With him, and them, we could have saved at least three days in this work."

"We might have tried the plan ourselves," said the young man with a chuckle. "Only I fancy a little something *would* have happened if we had."

Young Van's dangerous mood had passed. Carhart abruptly changed the subject. "How would you like to go up into Canada with me, Gus?" he said.

"With you? There isn't much doubt what to answer to that."

"There will be some interesting things about the work—and time enough to do them well, the way it looks now. I can't promise you any remarkable inducements, but you will get a little more than you have been paid here—I won't say more than you have earned here, for you have not been paid what you are worth. That will come a little later."

A moment passed before these words could get into the consciousness of the young man. Then—they were just entering the street on their return—he stopped short and looked into Paul Carhart's face. "Do you mean that you really want me?" he asked.

Carhart tried not to smile as he said: "The choice of assistants is in my hands, Gus, and I should find it difficult to justify myself for taking an assistant that I did *not* want—and especially for an undertaking that is likely to last several years."

Young Van was standing stock still. "'Several years,'" he repeated. Then, "This seems to amount pretty nearly to a permanent offer."

"Pretty nearly," said Carhart, smiling now.

At this they resumed their pace and entered the town. Both were absorbed—Young Van in his astonishment that he had found favor in the eyes of his chief, Carhart in his amusement over the utter naiveté of the boy; and neither had an eye for the groups of desperate characters that lined the street, least of all for the particular group before the "Bag of Gold, J. Peters, Prop."

It could not be supposed that the coming of 500 men to Red Hills, their pockets lined with the earnings of those last irresistible weeks, should pass without a great effort on the part of the local population to empty those pockets promptly and thoroughly. If the two engineers had looked about more sharply in the course of their walk they would have seen more than one familiar face. It was, indeed, a day to be remembered in Red Hills; there had been no such wholesale contribution to local needs since the first ramshackle frame building rose from the dust. Bartenders were busy, and deft-fingered, impassive gentlemen from Chicago, and New Orleans, and Denver, and San Francisco were hard at work behind green tables. All was quiet so far. The laborers were so skillfully distributed that no green table was without its professional gambler; and sweltering in the heat, gulping down the ever-ready fluids, they went gayly, gloomily, angrily, defiantly on, thumbing the dirty cards and relinquishing their earnings. All was still quiet, for the business of the day was carried on in back rooms and on upper floors. The uproar would not begin for a few hours yet, and would hardly reach its full strength before dark.

Among those to whom music and feminine charms, such as they were, outweighed the delights of the green table was Charlie, the cook. He sat at an open window, upstairs, where he could look down at the sleepy street and at the front of the Bag of Gold, opposite. At first he had been content to make out what he could of the scene through the cheesecloth sash curtains, but, under the mellowing influence of a rapid succession of bottles, he had drawn the curtains, and now sat with his knees against the sill, smiling down in a ruddy, benevolent fashion on everybody and everything below. The parlor at his back was filled with men from the iron squad and their companions. He had seen the engineers walk down the street, and

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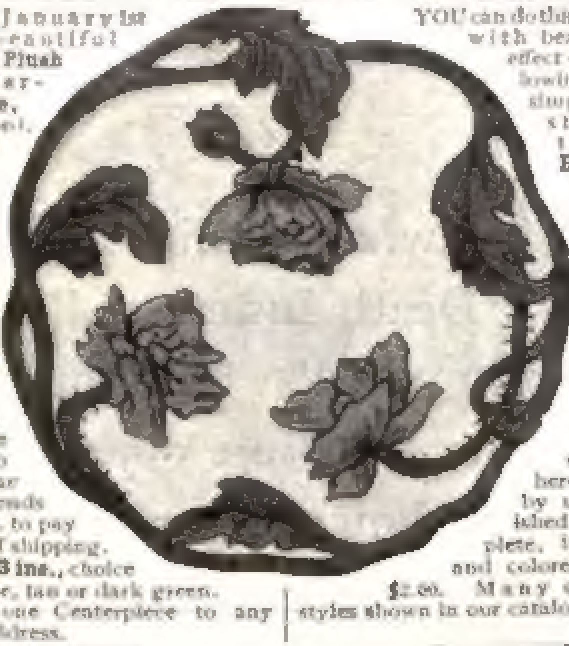

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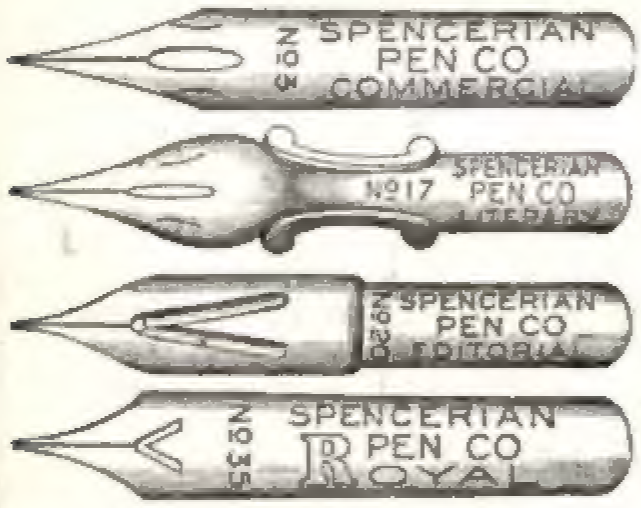

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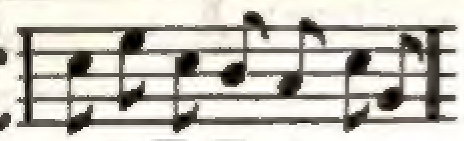

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had smiled genially, though aware that they had not observed him. Now he saw them returning, and he was ready, undaunted, to greet them again.

Then something happened. The door leading to the bar of the Bag of Gold suddenly opened, and a hulking figure of a man appeared on the broad step. He was half drunk, and he carried a revolver in his hand. Behind him, crowding out to see the fun, came a dozen men. Charlie saw this, and, without in the slightest relaxing his genial smile, he drew out one of his own revolvers and held it carelessly before him with the muzzle resting on the window-sill. Never for an instant did he take his bloodshot, good-natured eyes from the man across the street.

The engineers were drawing rapidly nearer. Young Van was the first to take in the situation, and he spoke in a low, quick voice, hardly moving his lips:

"Don't look up or start, Mr. Carhart—but Jack Flagg is standing in front of that hotel on the left, and he looks as if he meant to shoot. What do you think we had better do? I am not armed."

"Neither am I," Carhart replied out of the corner of his mouth. "Don't pay any attention to him."

That was all that was said. The two engineers swung along without a sign of faltering. Jack Flagg slowly raised his weapon and took deliberate aim at Paul Carhart. Still the two came on, not wholly able to conceal their sense of the situation, but, rather, regardless of it. On Carhart's face there was an expression of stern contempt; Young Van was pale and his eyes were fixed straight before him.

At this point it seemed as if the strain must break one way or the other. The men were not ten yards apart—in another moment it would be less than two. A little gasp of admiration came from the watching groups. Flagg heard this, and his hand wavered, but he recovered and took a short step forward.

Suddenly the silence was broken by a low whistle. Flagg started, and looked around.

Again came the low whistle. This time Flagg looked up, and caught his first sight of Charlie in the window, and hesitated. Charlie had not raised his revolver—the muzzle still rested easily on the sill—but it was pointing straight at Jack Flagg's heart. Flagg looked as if he wished to raise his weapon, but on second thoughts this seemed hardly wise, for Charlie was shaking his head in gentle disapproval. Then this incident, which had shaved close to tragedy, suddenly turned into farce. Flagg pocketed his revolver, muttered something that nobody understood, and disappeared through the barroom door.

As for Charlie, he turned, still playing with his revolver, and looked about the room and saw, for the first time, that he was alone. "Why!" he exclaimed. "Why! Where's the ladies?"

. . . .

The engineers walked steadily up the street and turned into the hotel. Then Young Van weakened, staggered to a chair, and sat limp and white. "I told you," he said breathlessly, "I told you I was—no good."

Carhart, before replying, looked at his watch; and his hand shook as he did so. "Brace up, Gus," he said. "Brace up. I start East in an hour or so, and you are coming with me, you know."

(THE END)

The Cart Before the Horse

THERE are certain Scotch lairds who take the names of their respective estates, using the name of the property instead of their surnames. One such was "Cluny" Macpherson, with reference to whom Mr. Henry White, Secretary of the American Embassy at London, tells the following:

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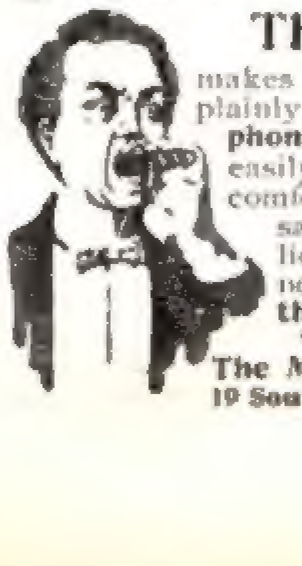

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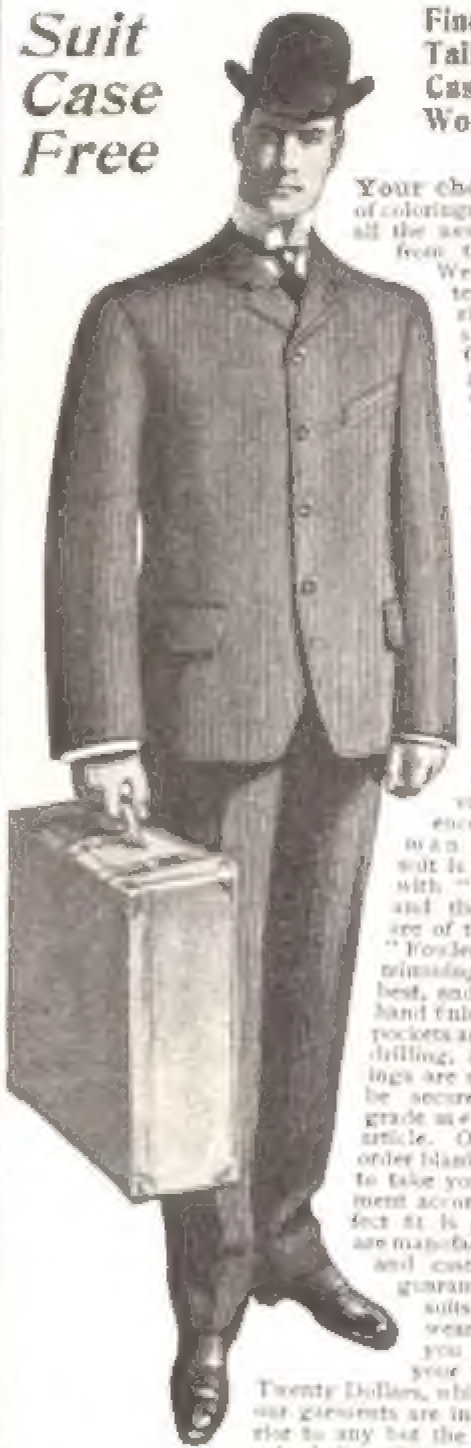
Fine All-Wool Tailor-Made Cashmere or Worsted Suit



Your choice of a variety of colorings and weaves, and all the newest patterns just from the woolen mills. We direct special attention to the fabrics. The cloth is specially woven from new, high-grade wool; it is close woven and the wool is full of "life," so that the cloth is elastic and the garments will hold their shape. Before cutting into the cloth for each suit, the suit pattern is thoroughly shrunken. Our cutters are first-class workmen, who incorporate into the suit the latest style, and take into account the various little differences in build each man possesses. The suit is lined throughout with "Rollis" serge, and the sleeve linings are of the celebrated "Fowler" silesia. All trimmings are the very best, and buttonholes are hand finished. The pants pockets are made of strong drilling, and all the findings are such as only can be secured in the high-grade merchant-tailor article. Our measure and order blank will enable you to take your own measurement accurately, and a perfect fit is guaranteed. We are manufacturers, importers and custom tailors, and guarantee our $12.00 suits to be equal in wear to the best suits you can obtain from your local dealer for Twenty Dollars, while in style and fit our garments are incomparably superior to any but the product of high-priced city tailors.

FREE Suit Case

In order to establish customers throughout the United States we are giving on the first order received from any one person, a handsome suit case, which we use to ship the suit. The suit case that goes with each suit is most presentable and would cost in your local store from $3 to $5.

A trial is all we ask. You run no risk in ordering from us, as we guarantee absolutely a perfect fit. We do not ask you to pay for the goods before seeing them. We send them by Express C. O. D., with the privilege of examination at Express Office, and if the suit is not satisfactory in fabric, finish or fit, you need not accept it; it will be returned to us at our expense. The suit shown in the picture is our No. 251 and is a sensible, becoming suit to most gentlemen. The price is $12.00. It is entirely new, out of the ordinary and very stylish. Samples of cloth that make up nicely in this style are shown in our new catalogue, which contains styles and samples varying in price from $12.00 to $20.00. Our catalogue and

SAMPLES OF CLOTH FREE

will be sent you the very day your request for same reaches us. Remember, we have no agents, no branch stores, and no connection with any other clothing concern. Our business has been established 40 years. Write to-day for samples. Address

MEYER LIVINGSTON SONS, Dept. 85, South Bend, Ind.

Reference: Citizens National Bank, South Bend, Ind.

PIANO Do You Want a Genuine Bargain?

Hundreds of Upright Pianos returned from renting to be disposed of at once. They include Steinways, Webers and twenty other well known makes. Many cannot be distinguished from new yet all are offered at a great discount. Uprights as low as $100. Also beautiful New Uprights at $125, $135, $150 and $165. A fine instrument at $190. Good pianos **FROM** $10 down and $5 a month. Freight rates are low. Write for list and our four plans of piano selling. You make a genuine saving. *Pianos from us bear the impress of Quality.* Illustrated Piano Book Free.

LYON & HEALY

71 Adams St., CHICAGO

World's largest music house; sells Everything known in Music.

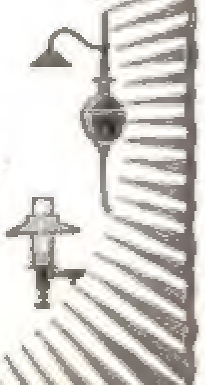
NO WICK, NO DIRT
NO GREASE, NO SMOKE

Safe as a candle. Conforms to insurance underwriters' rules.

"SUN"

Incandescent Gasoline

LAMP



Scores of beautiful fixtures appropriate to halls, churches, stores, homes. Far cheaper than kerosene and you get better light than gas or electricity.

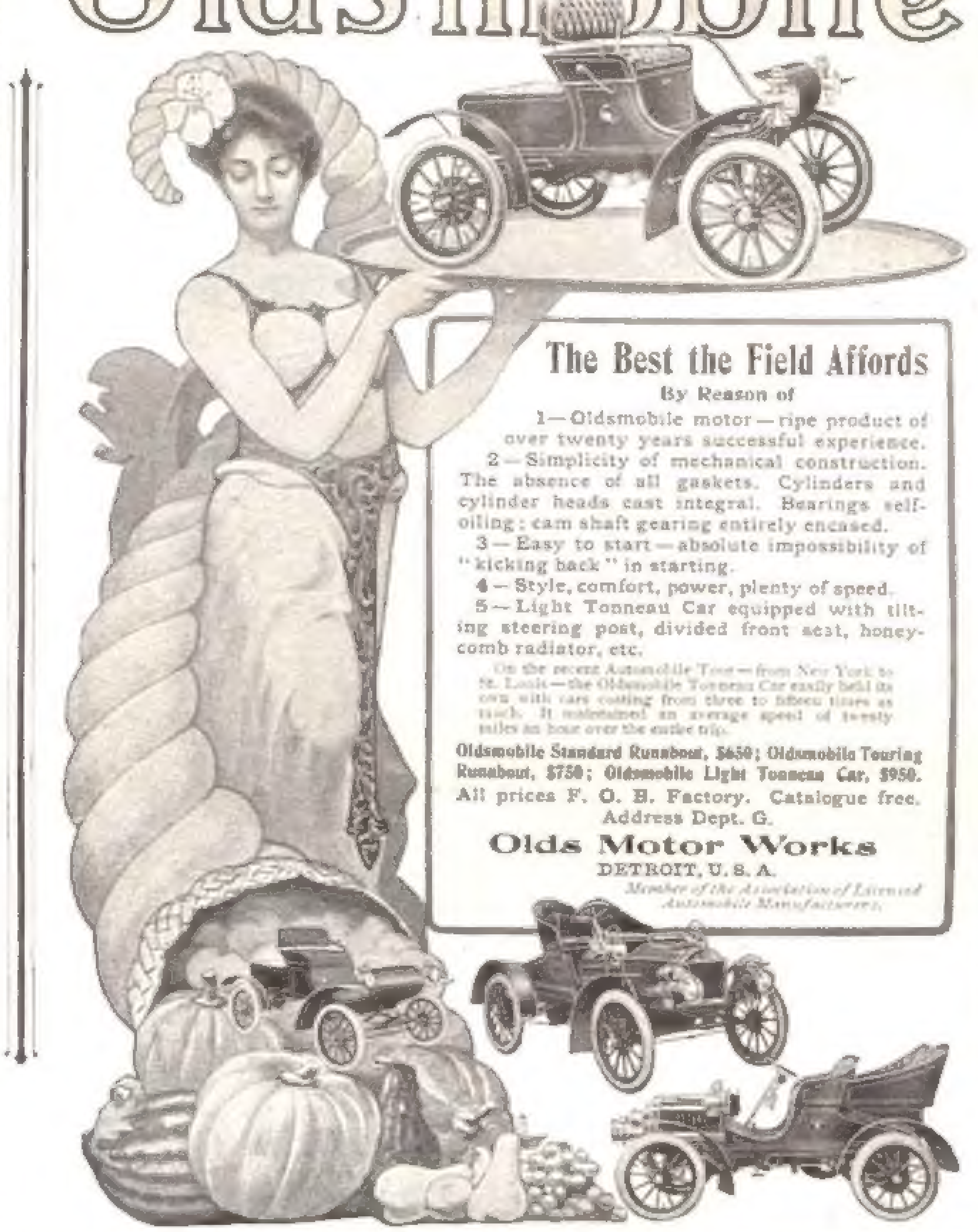
The "Sun" Outshines Them All

Write for catalog.

Sun Vapor Light Company

Box 813, Canton, O.
Burner patented Mar. 10, 1891; Mar. 30, 1897.

Oldsmobile



The Best the Field Affords

By Reason of

1—Oldsmobile motor—ripe product of over twenty years successful experience.

2—Simplicity of mechanical construction. The absence of all gaskets. Cylinders and cylinder heads cast integral. Bearings self-oiling; cam shaft gearing entirely encased.

3—Easy to start—absolute impossibility of "kicking back" in starting.

4—Style, comfort, power, plenty of speed.

5—Light Tonneau Car equipped with tilting steering post, divided front seat, honeycomb radiator, etc.

On the recent Automobile Tour—from New York to St. Louis—the Oldsmobile Tonneau Car easily held its own with cars costing from three to fifteen times as much. It maintained an average speed of twenty miles an hour over the entire trip.

Oldsmobile Standard Runabout, $650; Oldsmobile Touring Runabout, $750; Oldsmobile Light Tonneau Car, $950.

All prices F. O. B. Factory. Catalogue free. Address Dept. G.

Olds Motor Works

DETROIT, U. S. A.

Member of the Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers.

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JOURNAL is not the only profitable advertising medium, but it is generally conceded among advertisers and advertising agents that it is the one *best* medium, especially for anything appealing directly to women. That is, it is the one best medium for general advertising—to introduce anything all over the country. If you desire to take up one section of the country at a time, of course you will use local mediums; if so, concentrate; use only the best papers of the locality you want to cover. "Scatteration" is the curse of American business life. Select with care the one best medium to reach the class of people you want, use liberal space—big enough to make sure that everybody sees it.

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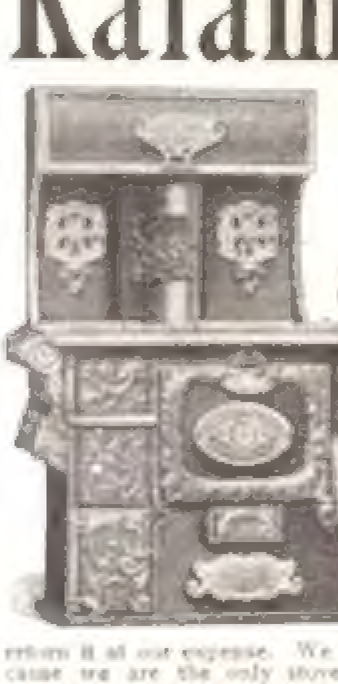
"I spent one cent for a postal card and saved $16 by buying a Kalamazoo Range."

Will you spend one cent to investigate our special factory offer on

Kalamazoo

Stoves and Ranges



We ship direct to you from our own factory, freight prepaid, on

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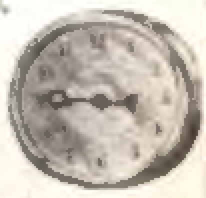
and save you from 25% to 40% in the purchase price. You can't find a better at any price; if not perfectly satisfactory return it at our expense. We can do this better because we are the only stove manufacturers in the world who are selling their entire product direct from the factory to the user. We save you all jobbers', dealers' and middlemen's profits—therefore, do not be influenced by dealers' prejudice; investigate for yourself. We have a most extraordinary bargain price on our **Oak Stove**—the price will surely astonish you—don't buy until you learn all about the **Kalamazoo Oak.**

SEND FOR NEW FREE CATALOGUE

and compare our prices and quality with those of local dealers. That will tell the story. The catalogue is the most complete ever issued by any manufacturer selling direct to the user. Describes our full line, including,

KALAMAZOO STEEL RANGES.
KALAMAZOO STEEL COOK STOVES.
KALAMAZOO OAK HEATERS at special factory prices.
A HIGH GRADE LINE OF CAST COOK STOVES for wood or wood and coal.
A NEW CAST RANGE for hard coal exclusively, made especially for the eastern and city trade—a great money saver.
A NEW SELF FEEDING BASE BURNER—handsomely nickeled—the equal of any high grade parlor stove in the world—a great bargain.
KALAMAZOO HOT BLAST STOVE for soft coal.
A NEW CAST COTTAGE HEATING STOVE for wood. **ETC. ETC.**

Don't fail to acquaint yourself with the many good qualities and superior advantages of our **Grand Range.** Made exclusively for hard coal or wood—it's the kind the New England, New York and Penn. housewives use—the price will surprise you because of its reasonableness.



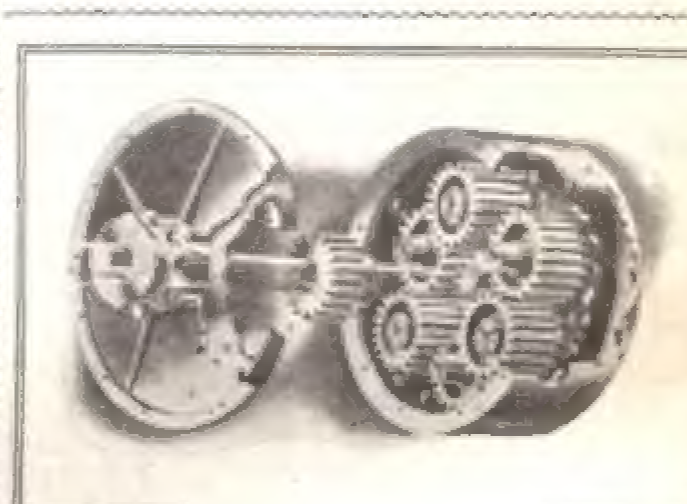
All Kalamazoo Cook Stoves and Ranges are equipped with our Patent Oven Thermometer—great fuel Saver—makes baking and roasting easy.

Highest grade patent blue polished steel plates used in all Kalamazoo Steel Ranges at no additional cost. All Kalamazoos blacked and polished ready for use. Anyone can set them up.

PLEASE REMEMBER we are real manufacturers—not simply dealers; we guarantee our product under a $20,000 bank bond; **we pay all freight charges;** if you are not perfectly satisfied we don't want you to keep the purchase; we give you a 360 day approval test. The Kalamazoo is not excelled by any stove or range in the world, and we certainly do save you money. **Send for free catalogue No. 152;** read our offer; compare our prices and then let us ship you a Kalamazoo.

KALAMAZOO STOVE CO., Mfrs., Kalamazoo, Mich.

We refer to any bank in Kalamazoo, or any Commercial Agency.



This transmission is one of the reasons why a stock Cadillac with an 8¼ horse-power motor made 144 miles over rough and hilly roads in 5:38—the power is *all* used in driving the car.

The Cadillac transmission embodies strength with simplicity; long service without noise—and is only one of the elements that go to make up Cadillac thoroughness in design and workmanship. Let us send you booklet O and give you the name of the nearest Cadillac agency where you can satisfy yourself that nothing at double the money equals the Cadillac. Prices, $750 to $900.

CADILLAC AUTOMOBILE CO., Detroit, Mich.

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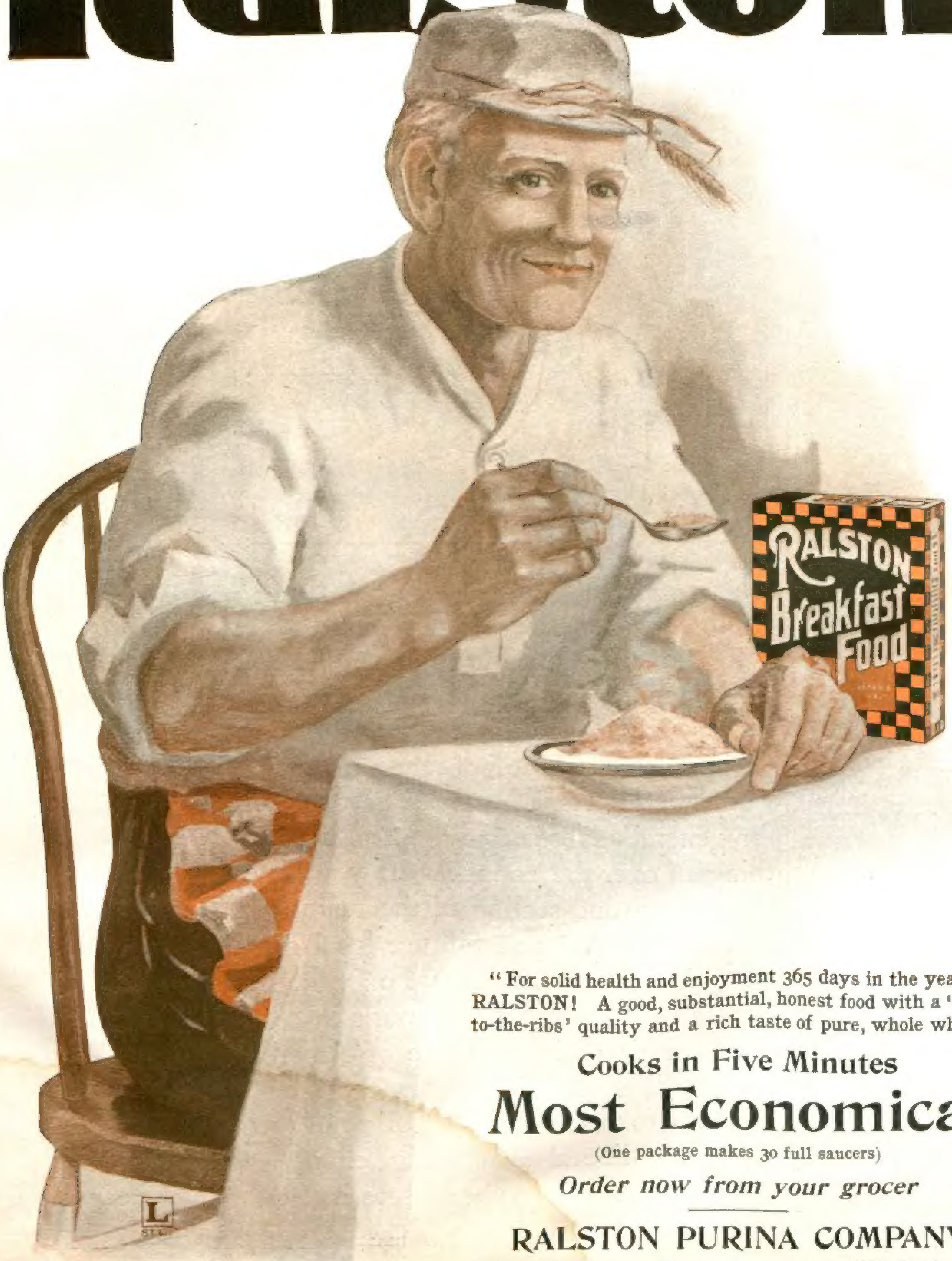

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